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FLASHBACK

AUGUST 1983

PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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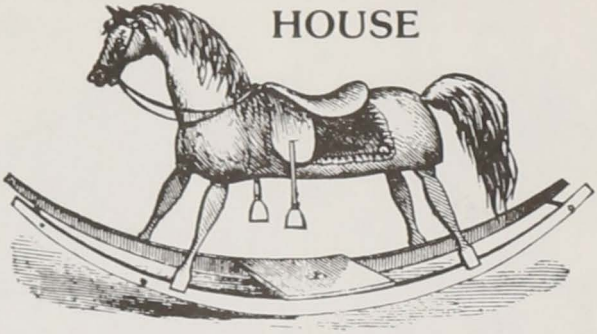
GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE



A personal history of the

WALKER-KNERR-WILLIAMS HOUSE

By Elizabeth B. Williams
(Betty Bassett Williams)

For many years before I was born, the house I live in now was called the Walker House or the Walker Place. After my grandparents bought the house in 1910, it began to be called the *Old* Walker House or the *Old* Walker Home. With the passage of time, some people began to speak occasionally of "the Walker house where the Knerrs live." You can see persistent use of the first name right down through the years in current descriptions like "the David Walker brick house" or "Judge Walker's home".

In my earliest memories the big brick house was simply "Grandmother's house" to me, no matter what other people called it. In the 1940's when I was still in college, I began to hear a few references to "the Knerr home where the Walkers used to live." As a Knerr granddaughter I started living in the house in 1960 with my own family. To most people the house was still identified as the Old Walker House, or, graciously, the Walker-Knerr Home. Even after the house was named to the National Register of Historic Places in 1975, and given an official listing title, the old names hung on. Names, after all, are mainly a matter of habit, and it takes time for "official" names to become common currency. For the record, however, (and on the record), the National Register of Historic Places lists Grandmother's house as *The Walker-Knerr-Williams House*.

Only two families have owned and lived in the house during its one hundred and five years (dating from full completion in 1878), or its one hundred and eleven years (dating from completion of the front portion in 1872.) The Walkers started building it in 1872, but probably only lived in it for 30 years.

The house as it appeared in June, 1910 at the time of Knerr's first visit.

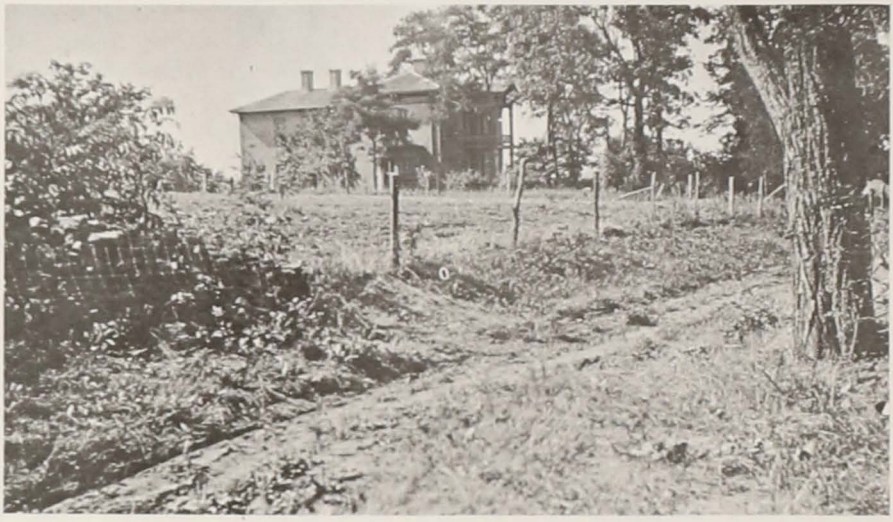
The Knerrs, my grandparents, restored and remodeled it slightly in 1910, and lived in it for 50 years. The Williamses, my own family, have updated and maintained it for the last 23 years. (The two missing years are from 1908 to 1910, when the Walkers rented the house to unknown tenants.)

To me—and to my brother and sisters, however, and long before I ever dreamed I would live there—Grandmother's house was where we always went when we went anywhere. My grandfather died in 1926, and my memories are mainly in the late 20's and all through the 30's. We were like everybody else, caught in the Depression. My father drove Buicks before the really bad times though, and I can still remember the all-day drive over from flat Oklahoma—eating picnic lunches on the way, sometimes fording little streams that had flowed over the low, narrow road, glimpsing a gradually lifting horizon, hugging the safe corner on what seemed hairpin curves, finally catching sight of the range of hills, seven in all, that ringed Fayetteville in all directions. We eagerly craned our necks out of the car windows to be the first to spot Grandmother's house on the south shoulder of the high mountain behind the Courthouse. In those days the trees had not grown up so high and dense, and from certain points on the highway you could see the big house clearly.

But now we all clutched each other with anticipation and dread, for ahead of us lay the frightening ordeal of surmounting Rock Street Hill. In those

days it was not paved, and it was very rocky, very steep, and very long. My father had to get under way with what run conditions allowed, shift to second about halfway up, downshift back to low at a particularly steep point—wheels spinning on the rocky road—shift again to second past the Confederate Cemetery on the left, and finally accelerate with speed into high so that we could get up another smaller but equally steep hill. We call it "the little hill", and heaved noisy sighs of relief when we were at last up it and bouncing along on a level track that led off into the woods. If ever a street was well named, it seemed to us, Rock Street was certainly it. As for the "Hill" part, it was much more like a mountain, to flatlanders at least.

The level track was a private road, put in by my grandfather and kept up by my uncles, that made a curving right angle turn where Ghost Hollow Stile stood on the left. This was the stile over which people climbed to hike up the rocky path through thick woods of locust, scrub oak, cedar (and poison ivy), and on to the top of Ghost Hollow. We greeted the stile with whoops of joy because now we were close to Grandmother's house. It was just a short, coasting, bumpy ride along the road, and there it was—Grandmother's house—serene and dignified, spacious, set back in a setting of huge oak, walnut, and locust trees, seeming to belong in a silent way to the earth and the sky and the trees. I think I knew every time I looked at it that it had pleased many eyes besides my own, with its great simplicity and elegance. No wonder my mother always referred to it with pride and affection as "Journey's End".



House and north pasture from track in front, circa 1910.
Only vehicular approach then as now.

But now we were here, we had arrived safely again, we really were at Grandmother's house...After the hubbub of arriving hugs and greetings, we scattered to see our favorite places. In the big yard there were three things I always looked for first. One was a hidden, leafy, Secret Place burrowed into

Sometime in 1930's, large bushes at left concealed "secret place"

the center of a mass of flowering syringa bushes under a large oak tree in the north yard. Then there was the very biggest oak tree in the world, this one in the south yard, which looms mysteriously in my earliest memories as a mammoth but friendly Presence to go endlessly around and around. Finally I looked for the green gage plum tree by the side porch which grew low enough for us to pick the fruit in season. I loved it, whether the plums were ripe or not, because of the friendly way it grew. It was my friend. The seasons for my three things have come and gone, and in their time, each has vanished, the Secret Place, the great oak, and the plum tree. But I remember them, and sometimes still go around the huge, rotting, oak stump in silent tribute to the massive tree it once supported.

I never walked up the south porch steps, but jumped up on the side of the porch to pump the old well handle and see if the well water was still there. It was, and I hurriedly backed up and burst in on the south porch. The porch was stacked high with boxes of unknown things, plants and potted flowers of all descriptions, and piles of magazines and newspapers. This was the time of "Waste not, want not." Grandmother never threw away anything that might have a possible future use. Everything was saved, from string rolled up in balls to huge iron laundry tubs.

In the house I ran through the rooms but carefully, because of the skidding rugs and large, raised threshholds in some places. I peeped quickly into the "music room" where the pier glass stood, giving me back my grins and waves, and the piano waited for me to touch its white keys into made-up music.

The library was my favorite room with the high, arched, south bay window filled with light and the leather reclining chair with the magic button on its arm. Bookshelves on one wall went to the ceiling, crammed with dozens of issues of *St. Nicholas* and *Little Folks,* and books like *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and the complete works of Dickens in fifteen volumes.

In the dining room I flounced down for a few seconds on the hard, low

Dorothy Knerr in library showing newly built-in shelves 1913

"fainting couch" in a corner, and gazed fondly at the big old dining room table with its five plump carved oak legs, the fifth a center support when extra leaves were used. A dozen oak chairs were ranged around the house for family feasts. On the east wall up in the built-in "china closet" waited beautiful treasures, to be taken out tenderly and looked over with gloating delight. There were white plates with gold rims and a fragile transparency; Grandmother's favorite luster pitcher which I never got tired of hearing about from year to year; flint glass open salts belonging to a realm removed from mundane salt shakers; silver napkin rings and one wooden one made out of olive wood from the Mount of Olives (or so the story went); scalloped pink china butter pats; tiny Nippon nut dishes on three legs; and many other beautiful objects, large and small, with special names, glowing with color and the patina of years of loving care...I dreamed a little on the fainting couch, shutting my eyes and reciting softly, "...if eyes were made for seeing, then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

The kitchen when I finally bounded through the back hall into its familiar clutter, was crowded with the immense, black, wood cookstove, a wash-stand with pitcher and basin, the "new" sink with far-apart hot and cold faucets, a square walnut table covered with layers of oilcloth and used for all the mixing up and stirring in, and a "flour chest" for baking bread, muffins, cookies, and doughnuts. A closed stairwell stood at one end of the kitchen to serve as an inside entrance to the cellar. (I later discovered that this was one of the "improvements" which Grandmother insisted on when the house was first purchased.)

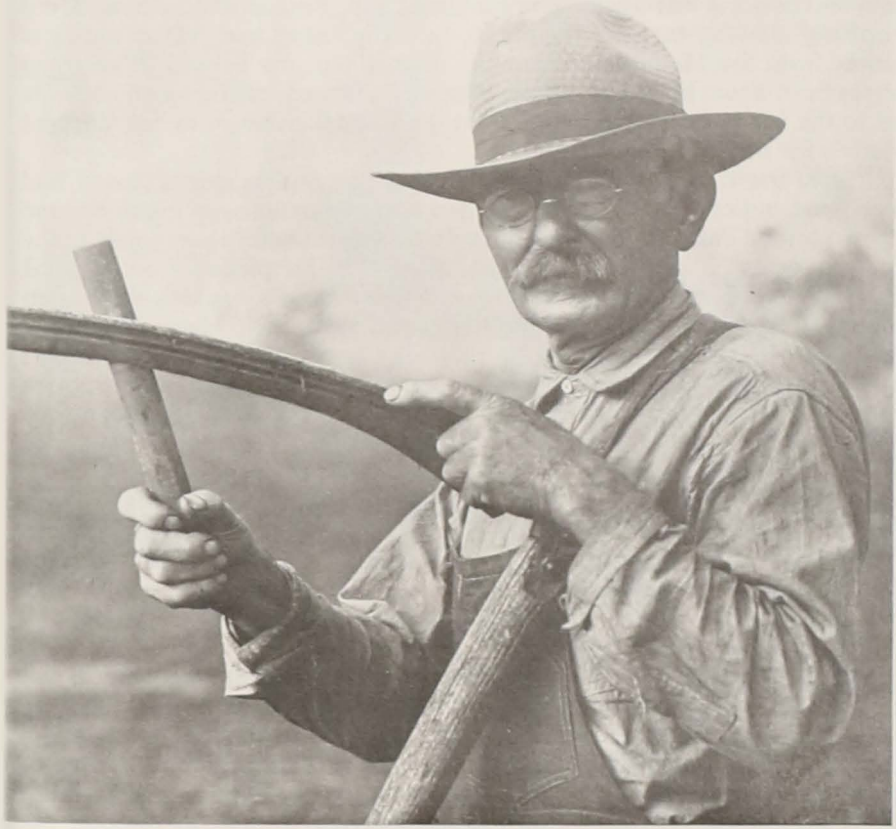
Grandmother Knerr

From the back porch, even with the door closed, drifted the sweet-sour, grassy smell of milk in huge pans, waiting to be skimmed, poured into pitchers, churned into butter, and made into cottage cheese whose slightly acrid but rich, chewy taste I have never forgotten. The milk was lavishly used in cooking, served at every meal, and finally fed to the chickens—never a single drop wasted. The color and texture of Blackie's cream, (or was it Dixie, or Bluebell?) floats in my memory as a fixed still-life of greedy anticipa-

noon, the thick yellow cream poured slowly out of a fat silver pitcher onto sugared strawberries and Post Toasties in a Blue Willow bowl, while the sun streamed in through the east window of Grandmother's kitchen...

I usually found an oatmeal cookie or two waiting, and chewing fast, clambered up the broad back stairs, counting off remembered creaks, and stopping on the landing a minute to listen to the walnut clock ticking and sniff the musty air of the toy closet at the left. Then I burst out onto the long upper south gallery and ran for Dapple Gray. He is still a sturdy wooden rocking horse (no longer "Gray", however), and on his fourth generation of children, who still run for him. I loved to rock on Dapple Gray and look out over the gallery railing to the trees and the valley, and the mountains beyond.

In those days the only way to get from the two upper front bedrooms to the back bedrooms (and the bathroom) was outside across the gallery. So before going over, I quickly peered into the "storeroom" to see Grandfather's tall old wardrobe, and then tiptoed across the upper hall lan-



Grandfather Knerr

ding into Grandmother's room. I had loved her high ash bedstead and dresser ever since I could remember. I liked to touch the wood and trace with my fingers the carved patterns of the two pieces. There was the little trundle bed too, tucked away under a bigger bed. Although I was a tomboy and never played with dolls, I loved that trundle bed with a passion and always looked to make sure it was still there.

Finally I ran out and back across the gallery and went into the southwest bedroom through its east door. This room was known to us as "Uncle Karl's Room", and I remember the large picture of Uncle Karl as a little boy in a sailor suit, which hung there. The familiar washstand, with pitcher and basin (and "thunder mug" below), was there too, and one of Grandmother's three settles, the mahogany one as I recall. (The other two were walnut and oak, and had been built to order from old bedsteads. They stored linen and bedding, and were very hard to sit on.)

Across the hall my favorite upstairs room had three sets of double windows, facing east, west, and north. This was Aunt Ina's room, and from its wide brass bed (which I still sleep on) I could see out to the front, the side, and the back of the house. North rose the wooded heights of Mount Sequoyah. Looking out toward the mountain top, I could almost hear Scout VonBerg blowing taps on his bugle, and the rising and falling traces of hymns from the Methodist Assembly, and faintly, the echoes of laughing voices from down in Ghost Hollow. But now I turned, giving an affectionate pat to the big steamer trunk that Aunt Ina had taken away to college, and headed for the front balcony.

Usually the heavy wooden bar that kept the double doors closed had been lifted out of its iron supports so that I could open one of the doors and slip out on the balcony. In those days Town lay out before you, even in the summer when all the leaves were out, like some picture from a book remembered in a dream. What stayed in your mind's eye was the Courthouse steeple, and far back behind the two towers of Old Main, and swinging back over to the left the dip in the hills that we called the "Oklahoma Gap", where two mountains sloped down to let the highway go through to Oklahoma. At the far left, almost to South Mountain, lay the unseen train tracks that every night hummed and clattered with the approaching train from Fort Smith.

To children of my generation trains were still magical, marvelous, big black engines that people could get on and ride clear to Kansas City in, and even to New York, after the Conductor had sung, "All abooooard!", and the Caboose had signalled, "Goodbye..So long..See you tomorrow nightttt"...You would see the train tomorrow night too. You could depend on Trains. They came every night.

I never could decide which kind of train-watching was the most fun. It was fun to pile in Uncle Lyle's Packard for a bumpy ride down to the depot on Dickson Street, or the viaduct bridge on Lafayette, to watch the train come hooting and puffing into the station, while slurping frantic licks at melting ice cream cones. It was also fun in a different way to track the train lights from the front porch of Grandmother's house as they wound up through the valley, and to wail loud, mournful answers to the train whistles, between

cartwheels in the chiggery grass and dashes around the yard to catch fireflies.

But now I stood on the balcony and looked in all directions, and looked again from my high place to everything I could see and had always loved. There were no words for my full heart, but I whispered, "Thank you," quickly, before anybody could come and hear me, cast one more look around, and went back inside the upstairs front hall. In my final ritual greeting to Grandmother's house I slid triumphantly down the banisters of the front stairway. The old wood was smooth and warm and shiny under my clutching hands, and the gleam of polished walnut followed me down as I rounded the landing, with glimpses of Turkey red carpet flashing by. Now I was really here, and the days would be filled with the familiar pleasures and new discoveries of Grandmother's house.

Betty, Dorothy and Trixie Bee Bassett on the back porch steps at Grandmother's house, 1926

The front stairway with its well-polished bannister

Sometimes a house or a building can project a presence of serenity and harmony for persons who may know nothing at all of its history or architecture. As a child, I loved the house deeply for what it was, not for its parts or its past. I always seemed to see it as a single self-contained whole, all of a piece. The separate rooms along with the objects which filled them, all of which I loved, were just part of the whole. I think of the house still as its own statement of being, neither needing nor conferring status in the world's eyes. When I began to learn about the history of the house and its architecture, I of course began to understand more completely why other people who never knew it as I did still felt respect and admiration for it.

The Walkers of northwest Arkansas, who built the house, were undoubtedly a family to be respected and admired. Judge David Walker was the head of that family. He was the builder, first contracting for the front portion of the Georgian house to be built in 1872. The stem, or the back portion of the T-shaped structure, does not seem to have been completed, or even lived in, until 1878. Walker family letters bear this out. According to all recorded sources, Judge Walker had the house built, and furnished much of it too, for his eldest daughter Mary and her husband, James David Walker, who owned the site and the land around it.

It seems somewhat likely that James David and Mary, who were married in 1856, may have lived for some time after 1859 (when James David had acquired the land) in the big log house already on the site. This house had been built by Mathew (sic) Leeper, Mary's uncle by marriage to Lucy Washington, her mother's sister.

The Civil War changed many lives. James David Walker became a prisoner of war, and his family took refuge in Texas in 1863. Jacob Wythe Walker, Judge Walker's eldest son, died of his wounds in the Battle of Jenkin's Ferry in 1864. The log house on East Mountain, according to many records, was burned some time after that, perhaps by Confederate sympathizers, since "it was reportedly being used as a supply depot by federal troops at the time of the fire."

After the War, Judge Walker set to work to rebuild his shattered fortunes. He was successful fairly quickly; his integrity and high degree of acumen went unquestioned. In 1866 his daughter Mary and her husband had their fifth child, a son, whom they named Jacob Wythe. It seems obvious that Mary named her baby for her fallen brother. From a family letter, it appears that Mary and James David were living at the time in "Underwood," the Walker farm near White River, three miles southeast of Fayetteville.

From all accounts, Judge Walker doted on Baby Wythe, the namesake of his dead son. What better way to help Mary and James David start their lives again, after the horror and separation of the Civil War years, than to build them a new house on the ashes of the old? This time it would be brick, to endure, and he would give it to Mary and J.D. as a belated wedding present—more than twenty years after the fact, true, but nevertheless a wedding present to celebrate an end to the bad times and the continuation of the Walker family.

At any rate, for whatever reason, it seems to be generally agreed that

Judge Walker did build the house for his daughter Mary and her husband, James David Walker, on land that belonged to the younger Walker.

James David Walker was the youngest child of Judge David's first cousin, James Volney Walker. James David's mother was Susan Howard McLean Walker, and her namesake, Susan Howard Walker, was the first child of James David and Mary Walker, "Miss Sue" lived to be eighty-two years old, outliving her three sisters and five brothers.

A similar family relationship was repeated when one of Judge Walker's sons, Edmund Hawkins Walker, married one of the same first cousin's granddaughters, Susan Pegram.

Judge David Walker and Senator James David Walker shared common descent from a Captain Thomas Walker, who came to America from Staffordshire, England, around 1650. George Walker, either a son or a grandson of Captain Thomas Walker, sired the first Jacob Walker of this line. Jacob married Courtnay Tucker. Among their children was a son, George, probably named for his grandfather. This George Walker was a colonel in the Virginia Militia in 1781. Among his eleven children were two sons, David and Jacob Wythe.

Though born in Virginia, the first David Walker of this line lived much of his life in Kentucky, serving in that state's legislature and being elected to Congress from Kentucky in 1817. This David's third child and first son was James Volney Walker. It was that son who married Susan Howard McLean and lived all his life in Kentucky. James Volney and Susan Walker's youngest son was James David Walker, born in 1830.

James David Walker was to leave Kentucky for Arkansas, settle in Fayetteville among other Walkers, and to "read law" with Judge David Walker, his father's first cousin. Furthermore he was to marry Judge Walker's daughter Mary in 1856 and to serve one term, from 1879 to 1885, as United States Senator from Arkansas. He was the Walker who was to live in the brick house on East Mountain for twenty-eight years, from 1878 until his death in 1906.

Jacob Wythe Walker, of the other northwest Arkansas branch of the Walker family, was born in Virginia as was his brother David, and also lived in Kentucky until 1836. Then he and his wife, Ann (Nancy) Hawkins Walker, made the long journey overland to Arkansas to be with their eldest son, David, who had become well established in his law practice in Fayetteville. Jacob Wythe Walker himself became president briefly of the Fayetteville branch of the State Bank of Arkansas, but died in December of 1838. He was buried in the "Family Burying Ground", (now the Walker Cemetery), on East Mountain, (now Mount Sequoyah). This spot was part of a large acreage owned by David Walker at the time. A quarter mile to the southeast lay the site on which Jacob Wythe's granddaughter Mary would live some forty years later, in the brick house built by her father. So far as is known, Jacob Wythe Walker was the first Walker to be buried in the Walker Cemetery, nearly a century and a half ago.

David also prevailed on his brothers to leave Kentucky and settle in Arkanas, which became a state in 1836. John James Walker lived at Ozark,

and Martin Kidder Walker became a well-known teacher in Benton County, with eleven children and many descendants in later years.

But it is David Walker, born in 1806 in Kentucky, who has left the larges imprint on the history and development of Fayetteville, Washington County, and the state of Arkansas. David first came to Fayetteville in 1830 with very little but grit and determination, but used them both with such fortunate results that in 1833 he returned briefly to Kentucky to marry Jane Lewis Washington. Jane was a granddaughter of General George Washington's first cousin, Warner Washington.

David and Jane Walker settled down in Fayetteville, where they proceeded to raise six children. David had been licensed to practice law in 1830 at "the Rock" (Little Rock), just before he journeyed on up to Fayetteville, stopping there because he was almost out of money. His law practice grew quickly because he knew the law well and was a man people instinctively trusted. Jane's mother, Rebecca Smith Washington, like David's parents emigrated to Arkansas from Kentucky in 1836, to live near her daughter, probably coming by steamboat. So the Walker family in the new state of Arkansas kept growing by leaps and bounds.

It was fortunate that there were grandmothers, uncles, cousins, and aunts in abundance because Jane Lewis Washington Walker died in 1847 at the age of thirty-four. Her grieving husband never married again, though he lived to be seventy-three. Instead he paid strict attention to the care and education of his six children and redoubled his civic efforts, which had started in 1836 when he was a member of Arkansas' first constitutional convention. He became a member of the Arkansas Supreme Court three times, twice serving as Associate Justice and once as Chief Justice. In 1861 Judge Walker was a pro-Union delegate to the State Convention that met to decide whether to secede from the Union or not. He was chosen president of that convention, but when Fort Sumter was fired on and it became apparent which way the wind was blowing, he bowed to the inevitable and offered his services to the new Confederacy.

After the ravages of the Civil War Judge Walker managed to rebuild most of his business and legal affairs. He and Judge Lafayette Gregg were both members of the Third Building Committee to secure the University of Arkansas for Fayetteville in 1871. They were active supporters of the bond issue throughout Washington County, as were Judge Walker's son, Charles Whiting Walker, and his son-in-law, James David Walker.

In 1876, the centennial of the United States of America was observed at Philadelphia, and Judge Walker was chosen to be the official spokesman for Arkansas. It can safely be said that Fayetteville, located in the northwest corner of Arkansas, owed much of its importance in early state circles to Judge David Walker, who epitomized public-spirited leadership, judicial wisdom, and lifelong respect for education.

Besides that, he was a good man, in the literal sense of that word, and a genuinely modest one. His modesty was not false, but a true vein in the nature of the man.

As W.J. Lemke observes in the "Introduction" to *The Life and Letters of*

Judge David Walker: "His influence on our state's development far transcends that of many of the politicians, soldiers, and others who are featured in Arkansas school histories...He survived to gain fame and fortune for himself and a better life for his fellow-citizens."

In the early days when his wife was still living, David used his money astutely and made several lucrative land purchases. One of the properties in town to pass through his hands was a number of adjoining lots originally deeded to the fledgling town of Fayetteville in 1835 by the United States. Later these lots on Center Street were sold to Henry Rieff, who built a house there in 1857. (This structure was converted into a business building many years later, but the essential lines of the original house have been preserved.)

David also bought a large acreage on White River, three miles southeast of Fayetteville. This was the site of "Underwood," the Walker farm or the "country house". (In 1956 W.J. Lemke describes this landholding as "the Gene Goff place". The brick house on this site was apparently torn down and the bricks used elsewhere.)

Research has yielded three dates for the building of a second brick house, on the site of David's original cabin built for his bride when he first brought her to Fayetteville. This site lay on grounds that eventually included a whole block on Center Street facing Mountain Street. Dates given for the building of this new, palatial house go from 1845 to 1847 and 1848. It is to be hoped that the first date is the right one so that Jane Walker could have lived in the house for at least two years before her death. But it seems more likely that the house was built in 1848. At any rate this large classic house faced south, across to the campus of Miss Sophia Sawyer's Fayetteville Female Seminary. David had been of great assistance to Miss Sawyer in founding the school, and continued to support it actively throughout its existence.

In the late 1850's, however, David sold his house on Center Street to Stephen K. Stone. His increasing need to travel and reside in Little Rock as a member of the Arkansas Supreme Court probably was a main factor in the sale of the house. By this time David was known to one and all as Judge Walker, and Judge Walker he was to remain to the end of his days.

Much earlier, in the 1830's Judge Walker had acquired the property on East Mountain, as Mount Sequoyah was called in those days. This acreage consisted of a large level, wooded site on the south shoulder of the mountain, a deep, wild ravine just north and east of this large site, and another smaller level site a quarter mile northwest of the first site. The smaller site would soon become the Walker "Family Burying Ground", with the burial in 1838 of Judge Walker's father. The ravine would become known as Ghost Hollow in the 1850's. The large level dwelling site would become the place where the Walker-Knerr-Williams House still stands in the ninth decade of the twentieth century.

According to the record, Judge Walker sold the east part of the property to Mathew Leeper, his brother-in-law, in 1838. Mathew Leeper had married Lucy Washington in 1837. Lucy Washington was Jane Washington Walker's sister. Ten years later Leeper bought the rest of the property.

Mathew Leeper was the only son of Fayetteville's second settler and

Revolutionary War veteran, James Leeper. (James Leeper's grave lies in an old cemetery near the present Industrial Park (1983); the Washington County Historical Society has a Standing Committee for keeping records on this cemetery and others in the county.) Mathew Leeper was an influential figure in the early days of Washington County and Fayetteville. He was appointed by President Andrew Jackson as the first land receiver in this area at a time when the lines between Arkansas and Indian Territory were being drawn. He married into Judge Walker's family in 1837, and built a large log house probably in 1839 very near the site of the present brick house, just to the rear of it, according to most sources. It was this log house that was to play a part in the origin of the legend of Ghost Hollow.

The "original acreage reached from the top of East Mountain on the north to White River on the south, and ran from what is now the Square for several miles east." Land descriptions in former times tended to sacrifice strict legal accuracy to glowing exaggeration. Another overblown description belongs to the "It is said-" category. "It is said that from this eminence (site of Walker-Knerr-Williams House) views could be had to the east, the west, and the south—and much of what could be seen belonged to Judge Walker or his relatives."

However, exaggeration has some truth to start from. It was actually within this acreage, whatever its bounds, that the story of Ghost Hollow began. The small but precipitous ravine acquired its legendary name before the Civil War, probably in the 1850's. By then Mathew Leeper was either still in the California gold fields or acting as an Indian agent in Texas and Oklahoma. His log house still stood, not far from the steep little ravine which was shortly to be inhabited by an acquired ghost.

The simple legend of Ghost Hollow is best told by quoting directly from the most accurate account of it by Ron Foldvary in FLASHBACK, May 1979, page 25:

> The incident which inspired the legend was said by Mrs. Knerr to have taken place in the winter of 1853 when a young married couple from Fort Smith moved into the log house built by Mathew Leeper. One evening the young woman stood too near the fireplace and her dress was ignited. In a frenzy of fear she ran from the house and into the deep ravine some distance east of the house. Her screams were heard by her husband and some of the Negro slaves, but they were unable to reach her until she had been so severely burned that she died.
>
> Due to the impassable condition of the road to Ft. Smith, the young woman was temporarily buried near the house in Leeper's walled garden. The body was later disinterred and removed to Fort Smith. Shortly thereafter a rumor started circulating among the slaves on the property that both the log house and the ravine were haunted. For years afterward, numerous black people reported sighting the young woman's ghost running madly through the ravine, which they referred to as "Ghost Hollow".

A few other points of interest relating to Ghost Hollow remain from the Knerr family records. In a newspaper story in the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat*, December 5, 1920, my grandmother, Ida Corbett Knerr, is quoted as having

Ida Corbett Knerr,
1911 snapshot

Karl Corbett Knerr, 1910 photo showing Leeper stepping-stone pushed up to old porch, seen in lower right

been told that a sword and clothing had been plowed up on the place shortly before she and her husband purchased the property. In December of 1925 a letter was received from J. H. Caldwell, "Jeweler, Undertaker and Embalmer" of Mansfield, Arkansas, who wrote the following:

Dec 8 1925

Mrs Ida C Knerr

I See in the Ft Smith paper a history of the Ghost Hollow now I was in the war of the Sixties and was Scouting in the neighborhood of Fayetteville in 1864 we often slept in a large brick house called then the Walker house. it was located 2 or 3 miles East of Fayetteville on the road to White river and Richland. We often Slept in a cave on Richland east of a brick house owned by Mr Gus Buckhanion The cave was owned by a Mr Cooper and had a nice Stream of water which we used for drinking while in the cave we had a Skermish one day near the Walker house near Fayetteville in which a Kansas Federal was Killed we took all of his arms Except his Sword which was buried with him in a Shallow grave without any coffin only wraped in his blanket the Sword you Spoke of may be the Same did they find any human Bones if so were they near the Sword and were they in the old field back of the house. I was wounded in one of the fights and Surrendered in Fayetteville in the winter of 1864.

Yours Truly
J H Caldwell

P S Fayetteville was then occupied by..[This is the only illegible part of the letter, which is reproduced in its original form with no editing. The last notation looks under a magnifying glass as though it might be "Ark. F." (Federals?). Undoubtedly a Civil War buff could solve this small mystery.]

Whether or not this letter was answered is unknown. A Fort Smith paper must have reprinted part or all of the 1920 *Democrat* feature.

By its geographical location the first "large brick house" mentioned must have been "Underwood", Judge Walker's farm or country place. Since the letter was written sixty years after the events depicted, Mr. Caldwell must have been in his middle or late seventies then. His flagging memory might account for the abrupt change from the White River Walker house to a Walker house "near Fayetteville". At that time of course there was no brick Walker house on East Mountain. But the big Leeper log house might very likely have been there, and James David and Mary Walker might have lived there during the years between their acquisition of the property in 1859 and their flight to Texas as war refugees in 1864. So there is a faint possibility that the sword and clothing which Grandmother never saw, but only heard about, might have belonged to the unknown, luckless "Kansas Federal".

Another reminiscence from the Knerr records reflects the linking of the legendary haunting of the hollow with what may have been a real incident to reports of the slaves on the place at the time. They may have enlarged on the tale of the fatal burning to discourage any interruption of their use of the ravine as a private place for brief enjoyment of a little crap-shooting and a

Aunt Ina H. Knerr
circa 1950's

Bee Knerr,
Betty Bassett's mother,
about 1914,
in the "music room"
or parlor.
Still a part of
the home's furnishings
are the pier glass,
visible at far left,
the gold-framed
painting above piano,
the piano stool.
This photograph shows
the original wallpaper.

cup of White Lightning. Who knows?

One other brief note: Ghost Hollow became known throughout Fayetteville as a distinct area in the 1850's well before the Walker-Knerr-Williams House was built. In 1908 W.R. Lighton gave the name "Happy Hollow Farm" to his new house just over the bulge of East Mountain. Happy Hollow has no connection with any ghost as far as is known. But the two "Hollows" have inspired at least one writer (a University journalism student) to make up a story using Ghost Hollow characters in a Happy Hollow setting (unlikely on the face of it). For the record, Ghost Hollow has the only ghost in town (that is, on East Mountain). Happy Hollow has a house, a street, a school, and a Foundation, but no ghost.

Since Fayetteville's earliest days Ghost Hollow had been a favorite hiking place with old trails to follow and explore and interesting plants and rocks for nature-lovers, not to mention a perfect, natural setting for picnics. When I was a child, I remember long summer evenings on the front porch with Grandmother and Aunt Ina and my sisters. We watched the light slowly fade and listened to the laughing and singing of people down in Ghost Hollow. Their voices floated up the ravine and down over the pasture to us. At nine o'clock we listened with one ear to the train snaking up the valley and with the other to the familiar story of how Scout VonBerg used to blow taps at this time every night from the top of Mount Sequoyah. We could almost hear the thin strains of the bugle as Grandmother told how VonBerg "escaped massacre with Custer's Command that fatal day only because he had been sent on a long scouting errand."

Much later in college I went on many field trips to Ghost Hollow in Dr. Dwight Moore's botany classes. I remember for some reason only the dogtooth violets and a wild flower named *scilla campanulata*. My mother, who had graduated from the University in 1916, told me that her geology classes had also taken several field trips to Ghost Hollow to study the rock formations. There are still many people in Fayetteville today who remember good times and excursions there...the rocky path over the stile through the thick woods to the place where the Hollow plunged terrifyingly almost straight down...the waterfalls after rainstorms called "Green Jelly" because of the moss...the grapevine swings...Ship Rock (an immense prow-shaped boulder)...the shallow caves you could find if you knew where to look...the native stone wall high up on the east rim...the few, huge specimen oaks...and in the spring the massed, flowery whiteness of a dogwood forest set about with jewels of redbud...Coming down from Ghost Hollow through the north pasture after hours of hiking and climbing, it still seems in the nature of things to stop a minute or two and call up the echo that bounces piercingly off the north wall of the house, "Ghost Hollow, Ghost Hollooooow!"

As for the house itself, the original ground upon which it stands was first deeded to one Abram Standifer by the United States some time prior to 1832, probably in 1828. This was most likely done to recompense Standifer for having to leave Indian Territory when the line between it and Arkansas Territory was moved about forty miles west. "All of the white setlers caught

west of the new line were offered 320 acres of land east of the line." There is nothing to indicate that Standifer ever lived on his land, but records do show that he sold the property in 1832 to the notorious Samuel D. Lowell. Lowell was involved in many legal actions filed against him by his creditors. "(I)t is said that he has defrauded his creditors out of something like 30,000 dollars."

One of Lowell's customers may have been David Walker. He was named in a third party suit in the Lowell litigation *circa* 1834. At any rate records show that David Walker acquired the land in question in 1834, and four years later sold it to Mathew Leeper. It was during the ownership of the place by Leeper that the young bride was burned to death and the naming of Ghost Hollow began to pass into legend by word of mouth.

In 1853, before the Civil War, Leeper sold the property to Hugh F. Thomason. Thomason was a pro-Union delegate along with David Walker to the Secession Convention in 1861, and was to become a member of Congress from Arkansas. In 1859 he sold the property, with the log house built by Leeper still on the site, to James David Walker, Judge David Walker's son-in-law. Judge Walker's daughter Mary and James David Walker had then been married for three years. She was twenty-two, and he was twenty-nine.

James David had been admitted to the Arkansas Bar in 1850, and until the Civil War the young couple lived in Fayetteville, probably first in the Center Street "town house" for a short while and then possibly in the Leeper house. They acquired a growing family, but lost two small daughters early. Of their nine children, four were to die young and three never married. According to most sources concerning the log house on East Mountain, (where they may possibly have lived until the ravages of the Civil War led them to take refuge in Texas), reports were that it was burned during the war. It was allegedly being used as a supply station by Union forces.

During the Civil War both Judge Walker and James David served the Confederate cause, though, as mentioned, Judge Walker was a pro-Union delegate to Arkansas' Secession Convention in 1861, along with Congressman Thomason. Fort Sumter changed all that, and Judge Walker's three sons, his closest son-in-law, and his brother all served in the Confederate Army.

On April 30, 1864, in the Battle of Jenkin's Ferry, Arkansas, Captain Jacob Wythe Walker, the eldest son of Judge Walker, was wounded so severely that he died twenty days later on May 31. After the war his body was brought to Fayetteville and interred in the family cemetery. That was four years before Judge Walker was to begin building the new brick house in 1872, on the property belonging now to his son-in-law, a quarter mile southeast of the old "Family Burying Ground".

After the Civil War, James David who had been a prisoner of war for about a year before he took his family to Texas, resumed his law practice in Fayetteville. James David and Mary's fifth child was born in 1866, probably at "Underwood" on White River. The baby boy was christened Jacob Wythe, undoubtedly for Mary's brother. Quite naturally he was greatly

cherished by his grandfather. (Two successive Jacob Wythe Walkers were to carry the name in this line down to the present time. There may even be one more by now.)

In 1879 James David Walker was elected to the United States Senate from Arkansas and served on term until 1885. Fayetteville has thus produced two U.S. Senators, James David Walker in the last century and J. William Fulbright in this. Senator Walker's residence for twenty-eight years, until his death at 76 in 1906, was the Georgian brick house on the south shoulder of Mount Sequoyah, which is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places as the *Walker-Knerr-Williams House*.

In 1872 Judge Walker had begun the process of contracting to have the house built on his son-in-law's property (where, as noted, James David and Mary may have lived before in Mathew Leeper's log house). It seems unlikely that Judge Walker himself ever lived in the house. From family letters it appears that the house was not finished, furnished, or lived in until 1878. Judge Walker died the following year, in a fall from his carriage at the Washington County Fair. He may have occasionally used the northwest upstairs front bedroom on visits home from his work in Little Rock on the Arkansas Supreme Court bench, but there is nothing in available records to show that he resided in the house for any length of time.

Dorothy Knerr Bryan always maintained that she had heard "Judge Walker walking down the stairs" one night from the southwest bedroom when she was a child. But no other ghostly noises have been reported since. Only squirrels pattering on the roof and in the attic, flickers and woodpeckers drumming on a cornice or pillar, and occasional crashes of old plaster falling around the house upstairs and down—only these sounds have disturbed the peace and quiet of the old house through the years. The sounds of children and dogs, of music and laughter, of family and friends seem indigenous to the nature of the house itself.

Mrs. Williams' story will continue in the next issue.

EDITOR'S NOTE AND CORRECTIONS

As is obvious from the above article, there were several errors in the story about Fayetteville, printed in the May 1983 FLASHBACK on page 18. Most of these were due to inaccurate material available to Mr. Hilliard: page 21, lines 1 and 2; page 22, lines 2, 3, and 4; page 22, lines 19 and 20; (page 22, line 15 should read "Archibald Yell", of course); page 23, line 23. These errors are corrected in Mrs. Williams' story. Two photo captions were incorrect, for which the editors take full responsibility. The photos came from our Society's collection, not from Mr. Hillard, and the house on page 22 was misidentified as was the one on page 25. We very much regret the inaccuracies.

1. Confusion of dates researched:
   a. Capt. J. Wythe Walker's death given both as 1863 and 1864.
   b. Move of David Walker's parents from Kentucky to Arkansas given as 1835 and as 1836.
   c. Purchase of Walker Center Street house by Stone given as 1858 *et al.*

2. Confusion of names researched:
   a. Oldest Walkers show "Jacob" one name and "Wythe" another. The various "Jacob Wythe's" are not in direct descent, judging from available genealogies.
   b. Rebecca Smith Washington may or may not have had a sister, Lucy Smith, who may or may not have married. But Rebecca Smith Washington did have at least two daughters, one of whom, Jane Lewis Washington, married David Walker, and the other of whom, Lucy Washington, married Matthew Leeper.
3. Confusion of "wedding gift" researched:
   a. Mary Walker married James David Walker in 1856. The house completed in 1878. A 22-year-belated wedding gift, if that at all.
   b. Could have been combination of post-Civil War sorrow at Jacob Wythe's death along with joy at arrival of new Baby Wythe (as suggested), lovingly put in the context of a "wedding gift."
4. Confusion of house site researched:
   a. Two accounts of what happened to Leeper log house: Campbell's assertion that it was burned during the Civil War; newspaper account by my grandmother (who always refused to make a good story out of the plain facts) that it was torn down in time to make room for the new brick one.
   b. Unclear statements in a letter from J.H. Calwell of which suggests that a house was on the site identified as the Walker house during the Civil War.
   c. Unclear statements in a letter from Mary Walker to her father, Judge David Walker, which suggest the Walkers may have lived in the log house while the brick one was being built.
   d. Unclear statement by Susan H. Walker in a letter to her nephew, J. Wythe Walker Jr., further suggesting the above. Mr. Walker himself thought it a possibility.
   e. Interesting figures from old tax records, made available by Ron G. Foldvary, seem to indicate the possibility of some kind of structure on the site in 1869. The tax assessment on the parcel of land where the house is jumped considerably from $350 in 1868 to $1000 in 1870 and 1871, rising to $1100 in 1872. Thereafter, throughout the 1870's and 1880's, assessments mysteriously declined. The date for the start of construction of the house almost universally put forward by researchers, past and present, is 1871. Very occasionally over the years, 1871 has been mentioned. But 1872 is the firm date given in writing by at least one of the Walkers who lived there from the very beginning—Susan Howard Walker. Could it be that the log house was refurbished in 1869, or perhaps even rebuilt as a frame house for the Walkers while the new brick home was going up just in front of it. Perhaps a future "dig" may shed light on this small but puzzling point.
5. Thanks for assistance go to Ron G. Foldvary, Carolyn Rainey Harris, and Franklin Williams.

Walter Macon and Louise Elizabeth (French) Ware with children ca 1885

MR. WARE'S TREES

By Dorothy Ware Wilson

"He that planteth a tree is the servant of God. He provideth a kindness for many generations, and faces that he hath not seen shall bles him." This quotation, from Van Dyke, seems a most appropriate epitaph to characterize this family's love of trees.

Robert Ware, the immigrant, was probably from County Devon in England. He settled at Dedham, Massachusetts, and purchased land there in 1642. The fourth generation in American, Ebenezer Ware, Jr. moved to southern New Hampshire near the little village of Hancock. Here, three of his Ware children married three Eaton children. The youngest son, Ebenezer Ware III, married Alice Eaton in 1805. They first lived in a log home, then built a substantial three-story home in 1869, having a mansard roof and an observation cupola, mainly from lumber cut on the farm. They had only one child, Ebenezer IV, who finished the chambers (bedrooms) of the home. In 1834 he married Martha Elizabeth Lakin, whose father Simeon Lakin fought in the Revolutionary War. Ebenezer and Martha produced ten children. He was a New Hampshire state representative, had a library of 1,200 books, and was a pioneer in the fruit business. One year they harvested five hundred barrels of apples. Ware, and Lakin & Tarbell, were

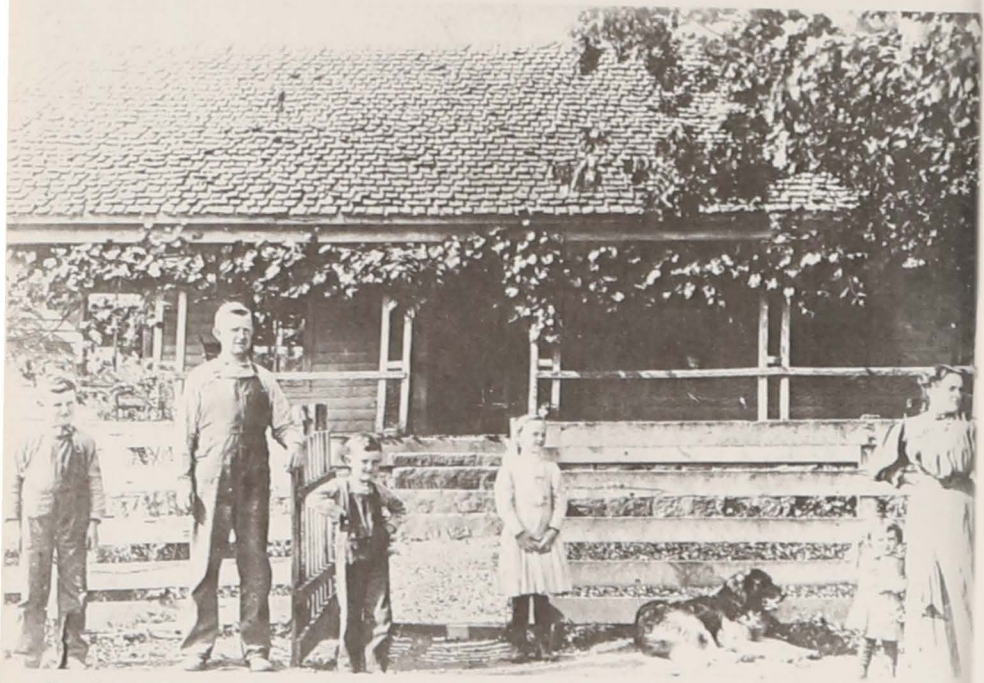
large producers of apples for export, many being shipped to England. The lovely old home is still used as a residence, now called THE APPLE SHED. They also planted shade and maple trees, tapping the trees for syrup each year. One year they won a neighborhood contest by producing 3,000 pounds of maple sugar. Hancock maple sugar was exported as far away as China.

Walter Macon Ware, the oldest of the ten children, was born 19 October 1835. As young men, he and his brother Edwin left the family farm to try life on their own. It would be thirty years before Walter made a trip back to New Hampshire, at which time he met his youngest brother Clif for the first time. When Clif, a bachelor, died without a will in 1948, the contents of the Ware house (the accumulation of at least three generations and an "antique gold mine") were auctioned off in a two-day sale in August 1949. Such items as brass kettles, sea chests, bullet molds, spinning wheels, calendar clocks, books dating back to the 1700s, four-poster bed, Hitchcock chairs, whale oil lamps, old dishes and vases, muskets and powder horns, oxen yolks, sap buckets and sugaring-off pans, scythes, horse-drawn sleighs, buggies, etc. were sold, as was the farm, ending an era.

Walter Macon Ware farmed in Waushara County, Wisconsin and his brother Edwin in nearby Rockford, Illinois. Winnebagó Indians were still a common sight in the mid-1800s as they passed by Walter's farm. The year after he arrived, he married at Hancock (Wisconsin) on 16 Dec. 1857 Louise Elizabeth French. She was born 5 December 1840, her family having moved from Pottsdam, New York. Her dentist father, Alexander John French, and his doctor brother, Seth French, later went to central Florida where they helped establish the towns of Sanford, Fort Meade, and Orange City, setting out some of the first orange groves in those places.

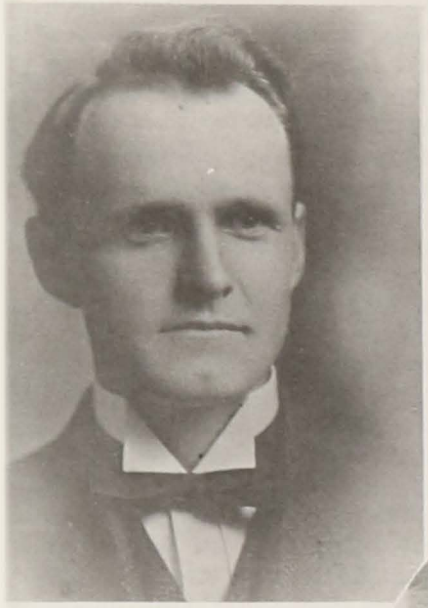
The soil in that part of Wisconsin was very sandy and keeping it fertile was difficult. He planted butternut trees and grew some wheat and potatoes in the short growing season. The wheat attracted wild pigeons by the thousands, which a kind providence set to help feed the hungry pioneers. With his oxen, he hauled huge stones a distance of ten miles for the barn foundation, and hand-hewed massive white pine beams, everything accomplished by the sweat of the brow. After their small house burned, Walter built a new house with a cellar under it to store food for winter. The frame home was insulated with brick and mortar between the walls. Nine children were born there.

When weather was unsuitable for farm work, Walter Ware began digging up white pine seedlings from the border of Leola Marsh, some distance from his farm, hauling them on a stone boat pulled by oxen. In freezing weather, he transplanted the trees with a ball of soil intact, easing them into the waiting holes at the farm. The moving of young trees in his spare time became a common sight to his neighbors, some of whom considered him an "old fool". This went on for seven years, from 1869 to 1876, the year of the Philadelphia Centennial. In all, he transplanted 1,876 trees, then revealed that this represented his own personal idea of celebrating the centennial of the Declaration of Independence. "Looking forward is even more important



Fred and Libbie (Ware) Williams at home Buckeye, Madison County, AR ca 1908. Children, left to right: Doc, Clay, a niece Hazel Ware, and Lena (or Hugh) *see page 29*

Seneca Ware's children, left to right: Della, Beth, Mable and Lelah, *see page 28*



athan Boone Williams
bout 1896-7, see page 30

Lida Ware Williams, ca 1898, see page 30

Aunt Della Ware Stearns with children Nellie (top), Arthur (left), Harry (center). see page 29

Viney and Albert Delap with Martha and Louie, see page 28

that looking backward on the 100th anniversary of the nation," he said. The trees covered about seven acres, in the shape of a hollow rectangle. He was probably the first practicing consevationist in Wisconsin and now nearly every field in that region is lined with a row of pine trees. His "Centennial Forest" stands like a green oasis in the surrounding fields.

By 1888, five of their children were grown and married. Family tradition says that after Walter Ware tasted apples grown in northwest Arkansas, he decided to move the rest of his family to this region. Some of the older children remained in Wisconsin, but in time some of them also migrated to the Ozarks to live near their parents.

In May of 1889, via Wesley Post Office, Walter received a letter from the U.S. Land Office at Harrison, Arkansas, saying "you are entitled to a new Homestead, under the Act of Congress approved 2 March 1889. Before you can make the Homestead, it will be necessary that you find out the date and number of your old entry." So, aparently, he had homesteaded some land before that time. In 1894 he applied for another 80 acres, and also purchased some nearby land from individuals. This was on the present highway 295, just south of Crossroads, between Wesley and Buckeye, in Madison County. (This property is now owned by Glen Robinson, and the small cemetery of the Goldman Mason family is on the farm). Walter again hauled enormous rocks and hewed logs by hand to build a sturdy foundation to support a northern-style barn on his Ozark farm. He planted pecan trees, which are still bearing to this day, and fruit trees. He also dug up sugar maples from the woods, planting five rows of them a few hundred yards from the one-and-one-half story log house. The rock foundation and rotting timbers are all that remain of the barn, but the trees he planted live on.

On 18 August 1898, the month before he married, Walter's youngest son Harry purchased the farm from his parents, giving them a lifetime lease on the property. When the census was taken 1 June 1900, Walter and Louise Ware were living in Prairie Township of Washington County, Arkansas, and their widowed daughter with her three young children were living with them. The following month, on 15 July 1900, Walter Ware died at his home somewhere near Fayetteville. The Rev. Harvey Beauchamp officiated at home funeral services and interment at Jackson's Graveyard. (This could be the old Skelton Cemetery near the present Presbyterian Church.) His obituary said, "He left behind the priceless legacy of a useful career without any stain...In his convictions of the right he was as firm as the enduring granite of his native New Hampshire hills."

Harry E. Ware married the daughter of Garrett and Belle Williams in 1898, and purchased from the Williams' nursery apple trees for an orchard. About 1908 Harry and STella built a two-story frame home amid the grove of maple trees planted by his father. Whether Harry's mother was exercising her lifetime lease and living with them, or just visiting, is not known, but some of the older children's single vivid memory of their grandmother was of her carrying the ironing board over to the new house on the day they all moved into it. Harry had selected white oak trees growing on the place and had lumber cut from them to build the house. It had a six-foot square wood

room with both inside and outside doors for easy access to firewood. It also had an elaborate system for saving rainwater. The entire roof was guttered and all rain water was run into a large metal tank over the cellar in a separate building just behind the house, from whence it could be run by gravity flow into the enclosed wash room, or to the sink n the kitchen. There was also a well for drinking water. Up to forty barrels of apples were stored in the cellar, as well as potatoes, with shelves of multi-colored canned foods lining the walls. In the wash room was a brick fireplace where water was heated in a large iron tank which swung out on hinges, for convenience on the weekly washday and for scalding hogs at butchering time. Meat was hung and smoked in a small room at the back side of the fireplace. They tapped the sugar maples in early March, after the first thaw, as generations of Wares had done before them in Wisconsin and New Hampshire.

In November 1908, Louise was visiting her oldest son Frank at Lynden, Washington. She was still there in June 1909 when she wrote: "I intend to go to Viney's in October. It seems as if Frank can't bear to have me leave for as he says—he will not see me again—and I guess he won't for Frank and I are both growing old. He was 50 last January and I am 68 last December." She did visit her daughter in Minnesota, and in mid-1910, she was still on an extended two-year visit among her scattered flock. She died suddenly on 6 September 1910, while visiting her oldest daughter Mary Cass in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, a few weeks before she planned to return to Arkansas. (Her monument shows the wrong date of July 6.) Her body was brought home and buried beside that of her husband. Several years later the small cemetery had become isolated and neglected, and in 1945 Harry purchased lots at Bluff Cemetery in Springdale, to which his parents' remains and monument were moved. Appropriately, he planted a sugar maple beside their graves, which is now a large tree.

The children of Walter Macon and Louise (French) Ware, all born at Hancock, Wisconsin, were:

1. *Francis Willis (Frank) Ware* was born 27 January 1859, married in Wisconsin 25 December 1885 to Eveline Bigsby. They moved to Arkansas for a while, then farmed near Roy Montana before separating. She died 1937 and was buried at St. Ignatius, Montana. Frank died between 1935 and 1950, but the time and place of burial "on the west coast" is now unknown. They had: (1) Edwin C., drowned young, buried Jackson's Graveyard at Fayetteville. (2) Jennie, married James Trotter and had four girls, believed to be Sylvia, Dorothy Ruth, Annie Jean, and Ethel Jo Trotter, born in the 1920s and lived at Gardiner, Oregon in 1950. (3) Harold E., born 1895 in Wisconsin, married twice, no children. He was a WWI veteran and a Mason. He died 9 February 1967, buried at St. Ignatius, Montana. (4) Doris Elizabeth, married Albert August Opitz at Lewistown, Montana in 1921 and had Albert, Jr., Dale R., Francis Charles, Donald J., and Raymond G. Opitz. It is believed she married second Ray Meclenburg, and died in 1946 at Spokane, Washington.
2. *Mary Ellen Ware* was born 10 February 1861, married 27 July 1881 in Wisconsin to James Hardy Cass. They remained in Wisconsin at Fort Atkin-

son, where he died 8 April 1923 and she 27 March 1921. In 1880, Mary spent part of the year with her grandparents at Hancock, New Hampshire, the year her grandmother died. She and James had: (1) Ethel Fannie, born 19 August 1882, married Elwood Elonzo Boyer of Broughton, Illinois in 1914. She had a millinery store at Dwight, Illinois, where Elwood and two brothers were partners in a car agency and sponsors of a children's home and school at Mooseheart, Illinois. They moved to California in 1927, where he died 17 November 1940 at Pasadena, and she on 15 July 1959. They had Norman, Samuel Elwood, and Bernard Boyer. (2) Mable Louise, born 15 November 1892, married Fred Daniels and had Fred, Jr. She second married 1950 to William Pearce at Monrovia, California.

3. *Seneca Eugene (Sennie) Ware* was born 29 August 1862, married 25 November 1886 to Eva Adel Irvin in Wisconsin. At least two of their girls were born there before the family moved to Washington County, Arkansas between 1890 and 1894. Seneca was a fruit farmer, and for several years around the turn of the century they owned the two-story home and farm just east of Son's Chapel Cemetery on Highway 45 East out of Fayetteville. (Seneca was incorrectly listed as "Sidney" Ware in an article about the Son family of Son's Chapel, in an earlier FLASHBACK.) In 1908, Seneca and Eva donated a strip of their land to the already existing cemetery next to them. The lovely old home has been bricked in recent years and is presently owned by a Martin family. Seneca died at Centerton, Benton County, Arkansas 22 October 1931 at age 69 of pneumonia. Eva died 16 February 1945 and both are buried in Son's Chapel Cemetery. Also buried near them is Eva's father, William Irvin, died 1913. They had (1) Adell Agness (Della), born 3 November 1887 or 1888 in Wisconsin, married Norris Jefferson Clark, 16 December 1917 in Kern County, California and remained there. He was one of thirteen children of Ellery W. and Ann (Garrett) Clark of Goshen, Arkansas whose family is listed in Vol. 1, No. 3 issue of MADISON COUNTY MUSINGS. Dela, a nurse, died 13 March 1937, and Norris, who was a foreman with Standard Oil, died 8 December 1940. They are buried at Tulare, California. Their children were: Norris James, Carol Ware (Clark) Kern, and Eward Wayne Clark. (2) Lelah, born 26 July, 1890 in Wisconsin, married Kirby D. Williams from Columbus, Ohio. He died at an early age. She lived at Springfield, Missouri, then Janesville, Wisconsin where she died 21 April 1961. She was buried at Son's Chapel. One son, VErnon. (3) Beth, born 26 February 1894, died while they lived at Son's Chapel on 31 July 1905, from infection as a result of a fall. (4) Mable Louise, born 3 March 1897 at Son's Chapel, married 17 October 1918 at Hartville, Missouri, to William Franklin VanZandt. She died 5 August 1951 and was buried at Kinnewick, Washington. They had Eva Adel Hale, Vernon Ray, Philip Ware, Mary Willene Hamlin, Virginia Dean Kluver, and Donald Eugene VanZandt, all born in Green County, Missouri.

4. *Lavina Etta ("Viney") Ware* was born 28 February 1865, married in Wisconsin 27 June 1886 to Albert Hamilton Delap. Their children were born in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and the family ended up in Arcadia, California, where he died in 1934 and she in 1937. They had: (1) Martha

Etta, born ca 1897, died Fort Atkinson, age 12. (2) Nellie, died young. (3) Louie Albert Delap, born 1891, married and had one child. Died 1972, Arcadia, California. (4) Maude Elizabeth, born 1893, married Ross Cooper. Their daughter Dorothy Louise, born 1928, died young, and they adopted Shirley Jean. Maude died 1957 at Beaumont, California. (5) Clinton Oliver Delap died age 74 at Salem, Oregon. (6) Lida Louise, born 20 April 1907 in a log house near Northome, Minnesota. On 17 November 1924 at Los Angeles she married Forrest Atchley "Big" Turner, who was born 5 May 1902 at Lonoke, Arkansas and died 1956 at Baldwin Park, California. Lida had a cactus nursery for many years and is an artist now living at Arnold California. They had Forrest, Jr., Donna Jean Ronk, and Lavina Louise Cole.

5. *Adell Lucene (Della) Ware* was born 28 February 1868, named for her grandmother, Lucene Chadwick French, Louise's mother) was married 5 December 1886 to Alvin Leroy Stearns. He died ten years later on 9 August 1896 at Fayetteville, Arkansas and was buried in Evergreen Cemetery. In 1900, widowed Della and her children were living with her parents, shortly before her father died. In September 1902 she bought a farm near her brother Seneca, at Son's Chapel, which she sold in 1905. Maybe it was after that she owned the Greek Revival house on West Township Road, where the Edmiston-Prewitt real estate firm is now located. By 1910 she had second married Professor George A. Cole, state president of the Farmer's Union, thought to have been connected with the Agricultural College at Russellville, Arkansas. Her last years were spent with her daughter at Nevada, Missouri where she died 3 July 1954, and was buried at Evergreen Cemetery. She and Alvin had (1) Nellie Mae Stearns, born 25 November 1889 at Fayetteville, Arkansas, married 26 December 1911 to Lee Vernon Porter, and they had Louise Almeda Beard and Virginia Lee Phipps Wallace. Lee died 1963, and Nellie in 1966. Both are buried in Evergreen Cemetery. (2) Harry Leroy Stearns, born 9 September 1893, married Ida Neal. He died 6 December 1934 and is buried at Evergreen. They had Harry Carthel, Jack Leroy, Raymond, and Betty Ann Stearns. (3) Arthur Alden Stearns, born 23 1895, married Irene Engels, daughter of William Engels of Farmington, Arkansas. Arthur died 15 April 1950 and is buried at Evergreen. They had William Arthur Stearns, born 27 Nov. 1918, and was missing in action in the Pacific in 1943, and Ola Adell Campbell. Irene lives in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

6. *Agnes Joanne (Aggie) Ware* was born 2 April 1870, married 25 February 1892 in Washington County, Arkansas to Jackson s. (Bud) Sanders. He was born 5 July 1860 at Wesley, Madison County, Arkansas, son of Newt and Rhoda (Coate) Sanders, who ran the Sanders Mill in the Wesley area. For many years Bud and Aggie lived at 707 East Emma Avenue in Springdale. He died 5 October 1937. Aggie second married Rob King. She died 28 June 1954 and is buried beside her first husband at Bluff Cemetery in Springdale. They had no children.

7. *Elizabeth Sally (Libbie) Ware* was born January 1873, married in Madison County, Arkansas 16 January 1896 to Frederick Herbert Williams

who was born 5 August 1875 at Whitener, son of Garrett and Belle (Wilson) Williams. (There were three Ware-Williams marriages. GArrett's father Moses was killed in the Civil War. His grandfather Rial Williams was an original land owner in Washington County, Arkansas. Belle's family is listed in the Spring 1982 issue of MADISON COUNTY MUSINGS. Her mother, Callie Tuttle Wilson, was a granddaughter of Solomon Tuttle of old Mt. Comfort. The other two Williams children married Robertson brother and sister, children of William and Octavia Robertson who were buried at Buckeye Cemetery in Madison County. Nolan Lafayette Williams married Rubie Robertson. He was mayor of Haskell, OK in the 1940s, where he had the last of a string of canning factories, and where they were buried. Their son, Dr. Nolan Eugene Williams, is a professor at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville, and a grandson, Charles Nolan Williams, is Fayetteville's present municipal judge. Elfie Williams married Norton Hilliard Robertson, and they spent most of their lives in Washington County and were buried in Fairview Cemetery in Fayetteville.) For several years, Fred and Libbie Williams farmed just west of the Buckeye cemetery, then they moved to Benton County, Arkansas, on the Illinois River, east of Siloam Springs. The home Fred built there, facing the valley, is still in use as a residence. Finally, they moved to northern California where they had an alfalfa ranch. He died 11 November 1939 at Etna, California, and she on 11 November 1965. Their children, all born at Buckeye: (1) Anton Isiah (Doc) Williams (later changed to A. Wyllys) was born 17 October 1896, married Louise Landry, a nurse from New Orleans. He was an M.D. in Los Angeles. They adopted Mary Ann, born ca January 1928, who married F.R. (Bud) Scholly. Doc and Louise divorced. He second married Ruby Scholly and they had Frederick H. III, born 17 October 1947 in California and Elizabeth Susan, born in October 1948. Doc died 4 March 1961 at Los Angeles. (2) Archie Clay Williams, born 11 May 1900, married in California Margaret Marlahan. He was in the real estate business and was county clerk in 1960s at Redding, California. He died 29 August 1972 at Sacramento. Their children, all born at Yreka, California, were: Kathleen Agnes Leuschen, born 1938, Thomas Clay, born 1941, and Marsha Ann, born 1946. (3) Lona Williams, born and died ca 1903, buried with Williams grandparents at Buckeye. (4) Hugh Raymond Williams, born 2 August 1906, married Fayetta Dale whose father, Frank Dale, was from Little Rock, Arkansas. Hugh died ca 1954 at Colusa, California. They had one child, Betty Mae DeJulio, born ca 1929 in California. (5) Frederick H. Williams, Jr., born 15 June 1911, married Margaret Roberts in California. He was a feedlot cattleman at Redmond, Oregon. They had John Frederick in 1946 and Carol Elizabeth Fabrion in 1949.

8. *Eliza (Lida) Martha Ware* was born 2 April 1875. In 1895 and 1896 she taught school in Madison County, Arkansas for three month terms at $25 a month, beginning in October. She married 6 April 1898 in Madison County, Nathan Boone Williams who was born 26 August 1873, another son of Garrett and Belle. Nathan graduated from Hindsville Academy in 1892, taught school two years, and was admitted to the Arkansas Bar in 1894, at age 21. He was a lawyer at Fayetteville while living at 225 East Lafayette. In

1911 they moved to Washington, D.C. where Nathan was instrumental in establishing the parcel post system. He wrote "The Dust Bin", "Constitutional Catechism", and others. In the foreword of his 1944 book "We, The People" he made mention of his great-grandfather, Rev. William Sherrod of Goshen, Arkansas: "Our country is yet in the vigor of youth. How very young it is can be visualized by this personal reference. The father of my grandmother Williams was born in 1788, just between the time of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and the setting-up of this government in 1789. I vividly recall a visit I made to his home with my grandmother, and of how impressed I was with his great age. He was then in his nineties. Since that time, it has frequently occured to me how I, a lad of six or seven years, touched hands and looked into the face of a man who was a child when this nation was established; how its history and the matchless accomplishments of its people are encompassed within the brief space of less than two lives."

The monument of this Washington County pioneer, Will Sherod, shows the earliest marked birthdate at the Goshen Cemetery—1788 at North Carolina. Nathan B. Williams was listed in WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA from 1936-52 and was a charter member of the Washington County (Arkansas) Historical Society. Nathan died 28 December 1951, and Lida on 10 October 1969. Both are buried at Washington, D.C. Their children were all born at Fayetteville, Arkansas. (1) Philip Tuttle Williams, born 24 March 1899, married 1929 Anne Eliza Pollard, born 1905 in Virginia. He also was a lawyer, in partnership with his brother-in-law in the firm of Groseclose, Williams & Associates, founded in 1944 in Washington, D.C. Ann died in 1975 in Florida, having willed her body to medical science for study on the disease which killed her—leukemia. Phil second married in 1978 Mrs. Edith Venterlett, and lives at Black Mt., N.C. Children of Phil and ann Williams were Sally Ann, born 1933, and Phil Jr., born 1936, a commercial airline pilot. (2) Helen Harriet, born 4 January 1901, married three times (no children) to Mr. Knowles, Pincus Rothenburg, and Thomas P. Schuler. She died 3 July 1971 at Washington, D.C. (3) Louise Elizabeth, born 23 August 1903, married 1927 to Elgin Groseclose, born 25 November 1899 at WAukomis, OK. He earned a PhD in 1928, was financial editor for FORTUNE Magazine 1930-32, lawyer, lecturer, author of many books, among them "Introduction to Iran" and "Fifty Years of Managed Money, The History of the Federal Reserve". He has been listed in WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA from 1938 to the present. They had Jane Theodoropoulos, Nancy Margaret Witherspoon, Hildegarde Elsa Bender, and Susy French Labaugh.

9. *Harry Eben* (short for the traditional family name of Ebenezer) *Ware* was born 22 March 1877. He was said to be so small when born that his head would fit in a teacup, and was such a small child when the family moved from Washington when he was 11 that the railroad did not charge a fare for him. As an adult he was at least six feet tall and later he weighed 300 pounds. As previously mentioned, Harry married Stella Williams 17 September 1898. STella was born 24 July 1879. Their first four children were born in a log house, and seven of their eight children were born in

Madison County, Arkansas on land their grandfather homesteaded. Harry farmed, raised hogs, had an apple orchard and an apple drier. When Stella's father, Garrett Williams, died 8 November 1914, her brother Fred Williams and Harry Ware were administrators. In 1920, Harry and Stella sold their 332 acre farm to Elmer Morris for $13,000 and moved near Fred and Libbie Williams in Benton County, Arkansas. Their eighth and last child was born there. In 1921 they moved to Springdale where they had a small fruit farm northwest of town. Harry, following his father's example, dug up sugar maples in Madison County and planted two long rows of them in the large front yard of their home (now 502 Lawndale) where this compiler was later born. It is believed by the family that he donated, and probably planted, many of the beautiful sugar maples, admired each autumn on the Methodist Assembly Grounds atop Mt. Sequoyah in Fayetteville.

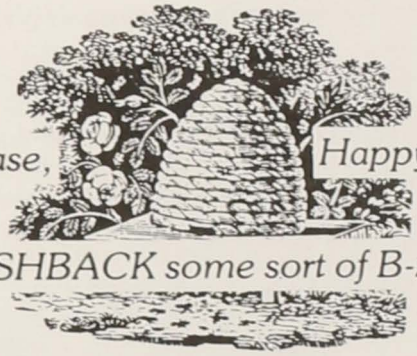
As a J.P., Harry Ware married thirty couples, and took pride in the fact that those marriages all lasted. Harry and Stella celebrated their Golden Anniversary in 1948 at Springdale. He died the next year on 19 October 1949, appropriately enough when the sugar maples were at the height of glory. Stella died 22 January 1955, and they are buried beside his parents at Bluff Cemetery.

They had: (1) Hazel born 11 September 1899, married 15 February 1920 o Aud Stringfield at Buckeye. He was the son of Corley and Lillian (Henderson) Stringfield of Goshen. Hazel and Aug had their Golden Anniversary at Springdale in 1970. She died 13 October 1979 and is buried at Bluff Cemetery. Their only child is Irma Jean Vaughn. (2) Earle Fountain Ware, born 25 January 1902, moved to Jacksonville (Floria) as a young man and married there 25 December 1927 Ethel Higgenbotham. He worked as a Linotype operator on newspapers for many years and later had a large plant nursery and mobile home part there. He died 30 January 1973 and is buried there. They had Betty Jean Martin, Earl Eugene Ware, and Jackie Lee Wooten. (3) Walker Macon (Jack) Ware, born 7 February 1904, attended John Brown University at Siloam Springs, Arkansas the first year it opened as "Southwestern Institute". He married 4 July 1929 at Jacksonville (Florida) Althea O. Monroe. He, too, was a Linotype operator. He was also in the plant nursery business in West Los Angeles and Santa Monica, California in the 1940s before investing in real estate. Their Golden Anniversary occurred in 1979 and they now reside in Springdale. They had Patricia Althea Smith, Dorothy Lea Wilson, W.M., Jr. (Buck) Ware, and Richard Alan Ware. (4) Vera Ware, born 24 July 1906, married 5 January 1930 Roy Walter Guinn, son of Lem and Ida (Nail) Guinn of Washington County, Arkansas. Roy was for many years head of the physical plant at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville, where they celebrated their Golden Anniversary in 1980. They had Jack Ware Guinn and Sue Schuler. (5) Clara Ware, born 10 October 1911 joined her brothers at Jacksonville and married John David Green of Callahan, Florida on 11 June 1939. He served in the U.S. Navy; they now reside in Rogers, Arkansas. (6) Keith Williams Ware, born 14 March 1916, married 26 June 1938 Irene Whitlock of Centertown (Benton County), Arkansas, daughter of Wilmer W. and

Cordelia (McGlothlin) Whitlock. In the 1940s he managed a hatchery for Johnson & Steele of Springdale at Harrison, Arkansas, and later had the International Harvester dealership at Siloam Springs, where they still reside. In the Ware tradition, he planted scores of sweetgum trees along the fence rows of his farm bordering Highway 59 north. On 20 June 1951 they became parents of triplet sons, all of whom achieved masters in music degrees, and each of whom heads music departments in Baptist churches in Oklahoma. They are: Gerald Kieth, Darrel Friedman (named for Dr. Friedman Sisco who delivered them), and Harold Lee Ware. (7) Lee Ebenezer Wilson Ware, born 17 December 1918 was married at Duke University Cathedral 4 September 1942 to Hettie Frances Cowherd, daughter of William C. and Ida Evelyn (Hyde) Cowherd of Ozark, Arkansas. He graduated from Duke University in 1944 and for many years has been a food broker in Phoenix, Arizona. They had Nathan Mark and Robert Evan Ware. (8) Wilma Louise Ware, born 6 December 1920 at Siloam Springs, married 14 June 1941 John Bert (J.B.) Sumner who was born 5 May 1920. He was the son of John Jennings Sumner (born in Sumner, Mississippi) and Vivian I. (Hubbard) Sumner of Bentonville. J.B. was a disabled American veteran from the European theater in WWII, was radioman for the Benton County Sheriff's office, and later for the State Police headquarters in Huntsville, where he died while on duty 29 May 1968, at age 48. He was buried at Bentonville. Louise lives presently in Rogers, Arkansas. They had Judith Ann Lee, James Warren (J.W.) Sumner, and John Eben (J.E.) Sumner. It is ironic that the youngest great-great-grandson of Ebenezer Ware IV carried a condensation of his name. The unending story of a family continues on to future generations.

This Ware family which started on the coast of New England eventually spread "from sea to shining sea"—to Washington and California on the west coast, Washington, D.C. and Florida on the east, Wisconsin to Arkansas, Minnesota to Arizona, and many points between.

It is a strange coincidence tha Walter Macon Ware is best known for planting Arkansas' state tree, the pine, in Wisconsin, while his son Harry Eben Ware planted uncounted scores of Wisconsin's state tree, the maple, here in Arkansas.



Please, Happy Readers,

send FLASHBACK some sort of B-z-z-z-ness.

Mrs. Eugene Jones, 18 Sycamore, Cabot, AR 72023: Searching for family information on William Robert COSBY, b. August 26, 1844 in Alabama, m. Anna Elizabeth CORBIN, b. January 1, 1848 in Georgia. Their children: Nancy or Mary Jane m. Lou WALTON, James L. Cosby m. Sarah Roann WHITE, Maggie E. Cosby m. Lee WALLS, Willie Cosby (single), George Anderson Cosby m. Alameda LEAR, Crawford Joseph Cosby m. Becky ??, Arthur Lee Cosby m. Hattie WILLIAMS.

Need to get information on George Anderson Cosby/Alameda Lear family, also. Her father was Cornelias Lear, b. Ill. m. Margaret WALLACE, b. Feb. 25, 1841, Iowa. Children: Will Lear m. Mary McGOTHLIN, Cora Inez Lear m. Burwell COW, Alameda Lear m. George Anderson Coby. There were half brothers and sisters by Margaret's first husband, Willard E. MICHAEL. Annie Michael m. Willie PARSON, Clara Michael m. ??, Willard Michael m. Ellia CHILDERS.

Roger D. Ennis, 328 - 20th Place, S.W., Mason City, Iowa 50401: My wife and I are doing genealogical research on my family and have traced my great-great-grandfather back to Washington County, Arkansas. Hugh Logan ENNIS, age 19, married Elizabeth Jane BRADSHAW, age 16, on May 3, 1857 in Elm Springs Township. Both were of Washington County. A son, James Isaiah, was born February 18, 1859. Hugh Ennis enlisted in the Civil War in June 1862 in Washington County, was a prisoner, died and is buried in St. Louis, Mo. We do know James I. Ennis was married in 1880 in Douglas Co., Mo. and all about his life. We would like any information on the Bradshaw family, the Ennis family, and Elizabeth Jane Ennis. We don't know if she had other Ennis children or if she remarried. We will be glad to exchange information. Other family names are HANCOCK and Hamilton.

Lola Marie Lewis, c/o Garry Dion Lewis, 624 Sandstone Drive, Fort Worth, TX 76112: Looking for any information on Stella Frances CARTER (COMBS). Born about Oct. 6, 1893, Washington County, Arkansas (Benton County?) Her father was in the 1900 census—James M. Carter who married Mary E. (Mammie) SWAGGERTY when? where? Buried where? And when? Could they have moved to West Texas? James M. (J.M.) Carter married in 1893 a ? BODINE in Benton County. Could he be buried in that county with second wife, or is Mammie the Mary Carter who died in October 22, 1926 listed in the obituary files. Mary S. (Susan) (REED) Combs died May 7, 1933. Could be Milus M. Combs' wife. Stella Frances Carter (Combs) had a brother, still alive: Roy Carter, born 1891 in Arkan-

sas; also a younger brother or half-brother, Harold Carter, born in 1896, according to 1900 census. So James M. Carter and wife Mary E. Swaggerty could have married in 1890/89 in Washington/Benton Counties as they lived in Center/Valley Twp. in 1900 census.

Linda Hays Ker, 504 North Grand Avenue, Waxahachie, TX 76165: Still seeking information on Calvin Jackson INKS and wife Eliza CRUMLEY. He was born in Carter Co., Tenmnessee in 1814. She was born in E. Tennessee in 1822. Need proof of their marriage in 1837. They were living in Washington County, Arkansas at the time. Also need the names of their parents. Also seeking information about George F. KINCAID b. ca 1865 where? Wife, Arkansas "Cancy" CYPERT. Lived in Searcy and Baxter counties, Arkansas. He died in 1912 in Waco, McLennan Co., Texas. Who were his parents? Can exchange Cypert information. George BRITTON (b. ca 1815, Tennessee) married martha SUMNER (b. Ky.) about 1850. Lived in Stewart Co., Tennessee, Trigg Co., Ky., and died about 1878 in Lonoke Co., Arkansas. Where did Martha die? Who were their parents?

Marie Meehan, #12, 2595 South Sheridan Boulevard, Denver, CO 80227: I am doing genealogy on the DUNLAP family. Samuel Patton Dunlap, born 1840, Tennessee ?, married ca 1864-65 Sara Carolina DAVIS. They had 12 children, the eldest James Huston Dunlap, born 10 June 1866, Tennessee. Did he marry Julia GIBSON? They had 3 children: James, Jesse Dee, and Glenn. In 1902 James Huston m. Florence EDWARDS. Sara Caroline died in 1902 and Samuel Patton m. in 1902 a widow, Florence WILLIAMS. Where and when did Samuel die? Where and when did James Huston's first wife die? The youngest child, Glenn, was born in 1900. Does anyone know of this family? They lived in Farmington, Washington County, Arkansas.

More About the Mankin(s) Family

Dorothy Keck says "You had an interesting article on Peter Mankin in February 1983 FLASHBACK. My husband's grandmother was a Harman and we've been reading research on them. In Harry Caudill's book "Dark Hills to Westward" he tells of the early settlements and about the early Harmans. Henrich Harman (Herrman in German) and four of his sons were in early Kentucky. Matthias Harman was an Indian scout and settled in the Paintsville area known as Harmon's Station. The book says that from Shenandoah Valley came four other "Dutchmen" with them—Casper Mansker, Michael Holsteiner, Henry and James Skaggs. Most dropped their German spelling later and also it says some went back to Virginia later. They had a lot of Indian fights with the Cherokees and Shawnees on Big Sandy and Big Paint Creek, and he tells of the Paint Licks in Kentucky. This may help the ones researching Manking to look for the Mansker spelling also, as it sounds like the same family. Hope this helps."

"THE BRICKS ARE ALIVE AT THIS DAY..."

By Cyrus Sutherland

The one-room brick cottage has a bold chimney at one end and a sharply pitched roof. There's an unfamiliar old-world look about it. It's just barely visible from the car driving east on Highway 74, a mile or so beyond Wesley in Madison County. I was curious about this cottage almost hidden behind a large frame early 20th century farmhouse, so I stopped one day for photographs. The cottage, now serving as a general storage building, had been enlarged in recent years by a concrete block addition at the rear. The brick, obviously old, led me to estimate the age of the cottage to predate the Civil War. And the roof shape made me even more curious about the origins of the builder.

A man plowing in an adjacent field said he was owner of the property, but knew little of its history. If I wanted to know all the story, he said, I should talk with Verd Shofner of Elkins whose family had once owned the frame house and the brick cottage. Within an hour I was received by Verd Shofner, a friendly widower and longtime owner and occupant of the large Victorian house at the intersection of highways 16 and 74 in Elkins, Washington County.

Mr. Shofner began his story with information about the brick cottage. It was built of brick salvaged from "the big house" which burned in 1911. The cottage was built to house the family until the new big frame house was completed in 1913. I was initially disappointed to discover the cottage was no more than 67 years old. But I was right about the old brick—they were fired nearly 140 years ago.

What was the "big house" like and when was it built? The questions produced the photograph shown here and the following family history:

The brick mansion, unusually grandiose for the Arkansas frontier, was built about 1845 by Burl Homsley near what is now Wesley in Madison County. In the early 1850s Newton King Shofner with his wife Mary Bownan Shofner, left their home in Shelbyville, Tennessee (Hailey Station), and came to Arkansas. Driving their wagon through Madison county they passed the monumental brick home of Burl Homsley near the Washington County border. Family tradition relates that Mary Shofner said to her husband, "I must have that house." Specific details of the transaction are unknown except the asking price of $3,600 and the fact that Shofner lacked a thousand dollars to meet it. But the story relates further that Shofner negotiated with a (black)smith (name unknown) for a $1,000 loan which was granted, the story goes, without written agreement. The smith is reported to have said that if he couldn't trust a man's word, he couldn't trust his signature. Evidently Shofner's word was good, for the family occupied the property for more than a century.

Verd Shofner, born in 1896, is the boy second from the right in the photograph, appearing to be six or seven years old when the picture was made, thus dating the photograph 1902 or 1903. Assuming 1845 as the construction date, the house would have been 57 or 58 years old at

photograph time. Such an age can be easily believed by the obvious repair work on the brick of the main facade and on the chimney.

Although fashionable architecture of the 1840s in Arkansas was likely to be in the Greek Revival style (there are splendid examples built during this decade in Little Rock and elsewhere) the Homsely-Shofner mansion shown here displays details and proportions of the Georgian and Federal periods of eastern coastal states rather than the Greek temple details of Arkansas' Old State House or the Jonas Tebbetts house in Fayetteville. It is more akin to the Walker-Stone house (c. 1845) and the Columbus Jackson House (c. 1872) in Fayetteville, both of which have distinctive Federal Period characteristics.

However, the Homsley-Shofner house, in its monumental scale and unusual 3-bay front facade, is unique, certainly in northern Arkansas and, I judge, the entire state. Although the house presents a 3-bay symmetrical front facade, it was not, according to Verd Shofner's description of the interior, the typical central hall plan so common to two-story brick houses in this region, both before and after the Civil War. This house did not have a central hall. The elegant fanlighted entry led directly into a large parlor occupying two-thirds of the ground floor. A smaller room to the right contained the stairway to the second floor. And the second floor was similarly divided into two rooms of unequal size.

A one-story ell at the rear with parallel porch shown clearly in the photograph accommodated the kitchen and the dining room.

The previously mentioned Walker-Stone house would have been under construction at the same time as the Homsley house. The Routh-Bailey house (1840s) north of Fayetteville on the Old Wire Road, was also contemporary, as was the Cunningham-Wilson home still standing in Mt. Comfort. All were of brick, not purchased from a local brick manufacturer and supplier, but produced by individual kilns on the owners' properties. The site of the Routh-Bailey kiln is known to be not far from the house.

It's very likely that clay pits and kiln sites of the Homsley-Shofner house and the Cunningham house could be located by archaeologists without much effort.

It is obvious that these dwellings and others of that decade established a brick standard in northwest Arkansas which survived the disruptive Civil War years. Their upper class appeal of durability and resistance to fire surely stimulated the extensive brick industry which grew in postwar years in Springdale and Fayetteville and further north in Benton County. It would supply material for the University's Old Main and dozens of residences, churches and commercial structures during the 1870s and 80s.

Is it unreasonable to imagine that there were other pre-civil War mansions on the scale of the Homsley-Shofner house which have disappeared with little or no record?

> Fruitful is the life of him who sinks his roots deep in the soil of culture laid down by the generations.
>
> *Kenneth L. Patton*

OUR READERS WRITE

About the Pin Indians

"I read with great interest the story in the last issue of FLASHBACK by Robert Winn, entitled "The Pin Indians".

"Having done research in the history of the Cherokee Nation for many years, I am quite familiar with the stories about the Pin Indians. Therefore, I would like to share with you some of what I have been able to uncover about the "Pins" and their supposed leader, Evan Jones.

"Evan Jones was born at Burknockshire, Wales, on May 14, 1788, where he grew to manhood and married. In 1821 he brought his wife to the United States. During his early life he had been active in both the Church of England and the Methodist faith. However, shortly after his arrival in America, Jones became a member of the Baptist church and a month later enlisted as a missionary to the Cherokee, arriving at Valley Town, North Carolina in September of 1821 where he taught in the Baptist mission school for the Cherokee. He was ordained as a Baptist minister in 1825. When the forced removal of the Cherokee came in 1838-39, Jones led one group of the tribe over the "Trail of Tears". His party arrived in the Indian Territory on Feb. 23, 1839. Here, after returning east for his family, Evan Jones established a Baptist mission school for the young Cherokee. The location was about four miles north of what would become Westville, Adair County, Oklahoma. The place was first called Breadtown, later Cherokee. In a letter dated August 10, 1842, at Cherokee, Cherokee Nation, addressed to the Baptist Missionary Society of Boston, Evan Jones wrote the following:

"'Should it be consistent with the judgment and means of the Board, a press might be sent to this station. The request I forwarded by mail last.'

"When the printing press, secured from the Baptist Mission Board in Boston, arrived in 1842, along with it came Harvey (Hervey) Upham, a practical printer who was to have charge of the printing department at the mission. The press was brought overland except where rivers had to be used. On this Baptist mission press was printed the *Cherokee Messenger*, which was the first periodical issued in the Indian Territory.

"Portions of the Bible, hymnals, missionary tracts and material used in the mission school were all printed in Cherokee. The printing work continued until the beginning of the Civil War or thereabouts. Exactly what happened to the printing press is unsure. However, to believe the press was taken somewhere else for use is most unlikely, since the large majority of the printing type was in the Cherokee language. Without printing type the press was useless, and printing type was very hard to obtain due to the shortage of lead. Residents of the area surrounding the mission school contend that the press was dumped in the Illinois River by a wandering band of bushwackers, and the printing type scattered over the school yard.

"Joe Russell who attended the mission school shortly after the close of the Civil War, reminisced in later years that as a school boy, he and his friends

oftentimes picked up lead Cherokee-charactered printers' type in the yard of the Cherokee mission school.

"Murrel H. Wright wrote in the *Chronicles of Oklahoma* in 1956: 'The noted Baptist missionary Evan Jones and son John organized a secret society among the full-blooded Cherokee in 1858 or '59 called the (Keetoowah) Cherokee Pins to preserve Cherokee history and promote high ideals of individualism.

"'The Keetoowah members served as scouts for the Federal forces that took over Ft. Gibson in about 1862. They were generally known as *Cherokee Pins, identified by two crossed pins on the lapel of the coat or shirt.*' The 'pin' Indians were Union in their views, and often did commit dastardly deeds against the male members of the southern-sympathizing families of the area. Rarely has it been recorded, however, that in a case where the "pins" were involved (and not some other band of marauding renegades for which the "pins" received blame) were women and children harmed.

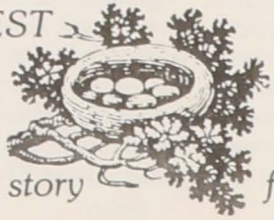
"Let it not be said that Evan Jones himself was not an avid anti-slavery advocate. The fact is not to be denied or disguised that among the common order of the Cherokee there existed a considerable abolition influence, created by Jones. He also exercised no small influence on the tribe's principal chief, John Ross. In July of 1861 Jones and his son John were removed from the Indian Territory by order of the U.S. Indian agent on charges of "intemperate abolitionism".

"In a letter written by a Confederate soldier under Gen. Albert Pike, Jones is credited with having "abolitionized the tribal chief and the redskins". He stated that Jones had had to leave the Nation due to his views on slavery. As to whether Jones really directed the raids on the families of neighboring southern sympathizers is not known. However, it is known that Jones was "no angel" for there are records of serious legal problems occurring in the east prior to the Indian removal, but charges were dropped due to lack of evidence after a severe public scolding by the trial judge.

"Jones returned to the Cherokee Nation at the close of the war to continue his ministry among the Cherokee until his death at Tahlequah in 1872. He was very much loved and respected by the Cherokee Nation for the years of missionary service to the Cherokee. On November 7, 1864, Evan Jones and his son John B. were made honorary members of the Cherokee Nation by decree of the National Counsil. There are still many unanswered questions about Jones and the Keetoowah or Pins as they were called, but maybe this will answer a few."

from J. Roger Huff

Your FAMILY NEST



must have a story for FLASHBACK.

LETTERS FROM FAYETTEVILLE

In the February 1982 FLASHBACK we published a newspaper account of the adventures of Annette Dickerson, Civil War Heroine, who rode alone across the mountain to warn her uncle and his company of confederate soldiers that the Federals were coming after them. Annette ("Nette") was born near Hazel Valley, the daughter of James P. and Rachel Van Hoose Dickerson, on January 6, 1841. She attended Sophia Sawyer's Female Seminary before the Civil War, and her penmanship, spelling and punctuation attest to an excellent education. She married Dr. Harvey Doak Wood on May 14, 1871 and they had four children: Benjamin F., Albert C., Walter H., and Cora. They also adopted Ruth, a niece of Dr. Wood. They lived at 306 No. Washington.

The letters which follow are (except for the first one) written by Annette Wood to her sister Mary Elizabeth "Mollie" Maguire over a period of years from 1899 through 1920. We are most grateful to Mrs. H. L. Maguire who supplied us with the original letters from which the following excerpts are taken.

The first letter was written, apparently, right after Mary Elizabeth and George Washington Maguire left Fayetteville to move to Allen, Texas, and was written by their daughter Nettie who died shortly therafter.

December 8, 1898

Dear Lorena - I will write you a little letter. I will send it with Mora's *(another daughter of George and Mary Elizabeth Maguire)*. Wish I could see you. We licked (sic) to got washed away when we was on the road. We got right on the bank of a creak one night and it raind that night and the creak got up and a man that was with us got up and called pa and pa got up and looked out and the water was up to the hubs on the wagon and it got so high that it run in the wagon beds. It was about three oclock whin we got up. Some of the things washed away. Ma and Hugh and Earle got here last Friday. I can't hardly write for Earle. Tell Ethel that I will write to her just as quick as I can. I will close now for supper is ready so good by.

Nettie Maguire

The second letter was written to Mollie Maguire by Annette Wood following the death of little Nettie Maguire.

April 13, 1899

My dear sister Mollie - We learned the sad news of the death of your dear little Nettie on yesterday evening through a letter from Bob (Robert McReynold Dickerson, brother of Annette Wood and Mollie Maguire) and today a letter from Gedie (?) reached us bearing the same dreadful news. Words cannot express how I feel for you all. I feel that it would be impossible for me to say a word that would comfort you any. I would have written yesterday but felt so shocked by the sudden news that I could not. I went over to Lou's *(Louisa Margaret Dickerson, sister of Annette and Mollie)* to tell her about it. She was going to write to Griff *(John Griffith Dickerson, brother of Annette and Mollie)* last night and tell him to go down to see you if he could get off... I would come if I possibly could.

I will send the letter out to Mother *(Rachel Van Hoose Dickerson Williams, mother of Annette who married (2) Bob Williams).* I know it will grieve her but she knows how to feel for you as she has had the same trials. She always seemed to bear trouble better than anybody. I hope Bob and Jane will go to see you.

May God be with you all and help you to look to Him in your great grief as the One able to comfort is the prayer of your sister

Nette.

March 9, 1905

Dear Sister Mollie:

I have been aiming to write to you for some time but it seemed like I couldn't get started at it.

Mother is here now with us. Uncle Bob (Bob Williams) died the 26 of Feb. I made two trips out there. Went out first on the 22 of Feb. We got a telephone message that he was not expected to live through the day. Harvey took me out. I stayed two nights, then came home to see about how they were getting along, as I had no one to leave to do the work but Cora and she wasn't very well.

He died on Sunday and I went out to the funeral, then stayed with Mother till we got her things all packed up, and I got her over as far as Andy's and left here there till they could bring (her) on to the switch. I walked to the switch. She came in last Saturday. Maud Strain came with her. She is feeling very well under the circumstances. She lost a great deal of sleep while Uncle Bob was so bad sick. He suffered a great deal for several weeks before he died. Mother seems lonesome and grieves and talks about Uncle Bob a great deal. Poor old fellow.

You must write to Mother. I don't know whether Harvey answered Gee's letters or not, but I think he got two from him.

We have had real spring weather ever since the big snow left us. It lasted till the first of March. It has been raining most of this week.

Alf W. (Williams) is able to be out now. He was real sick for four or five weeks.

(The above letter was addressed to Neal, Oklahoma, and the one which follows was addressed to Shawnee, Oklahoma.)

May 7, 1906

Your letter reached me today and I will try to answer as you asked me to tell you how our dear mother died. She was only complaining a few days. She had some pain in her side or chest on Friday but was up Sat. Harvey examined her and she had no fever. It was more like a neuralgia than anything else. Sunday she did not seem any worse and I went to church. I had a girl staying with me, Ida Brooks, daughter of John Brooks who lived near Joe Williams. She was kind to Mother and Mother liked her very much, so I felt I could leave her in Ida's care, as we did not think her trouble was serious as she had had such spells before. Sunday night Dr. Wood gave her a hypodemic injection of morphine to ease her. She slept better but was sick at her stomach next day from the effects of the medicine. Monday night I left the door open between her room and Ida's and told her if she wanted

anything to let Ida know...I went to bed then and did not wake up till Ida called me, or told Ruth to call me and tell me to come up and help her get Grandma to bed, that she had gone to sleep in her chair. I ran up into the room and called to Mother, but she did not answer. I went up to her and put my hand on her face and I knew she was gone. O, it was a terrible shock. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Gregg came, then Dr. Wood sent telegrams to all the folks as quick as he could. We did not know just how to reach you with a telegram, so sent one to Bob and said for him to let you know. He started so soon after he got it that he did not have time to let you know. Griff and Anna *(Anna Rachel Milliken who married John Griffith Dickerson November 29, 1882)* came down, Bob and Hugh and Willie Crawford.

We buried her the 22nd of February on White River in the graveyard where our father, Becca and Lydia are buried. We laid her beside them where she wanted to be laid.

We feel very lonely now. The girl Ida went home a week ago yesterday. Just six days after Mother died, a message came to her from Sulphur that her father had dropped dead while out in his orchard. It nearly killed the poor girl.

I am looking for Ethel and the children before a great while. *(Ethel was the wife of the Woods' eldest son Benjamin.)* Ethel's health is very poor now. Cora lives near us. She and Billy stay with us of nights while we are so lonesome.

(The following letter was addressed to Mollie at Allen, Texas, to which the Maguires had apparently returned from Oklahoma.)
June 22, 1909

Your letter came yesterday and also one from Griff today.

Sorry Gee's health has been so poor, but hope he will continue to improve. If he does not, he had better come back to Arkansaw (sic). I would be so glad to see you all. Do you ever think of coming back? I am the only one left in Ark.

Lou *(Louisa Margaret Dickerson who married R.W. Piper)* is in Spokane Washington. Her boys are scattered around, none of them with her, or was not when she wrote last.

Griff is in Pacific yet and Roy is in Boston. I am sorry to know that Bob is not well. He seems to get along better here than anywhere, and I know he would be glad to come back here to live if Jane and some of the children would come.

Cora and Billy are with us yet. Their little boy *(John Harvey)* is a real bright little fellow. He is 16 months old, and can say anything he pleases.

I was surprised to hear that Martha (my old chum) had been to see you. How I do wish I could see her. Give her my love if you see or hear from her any more, and tell her that I am just the same "old Reb" yet. I have five grandchildren, but I am not old yet. I can do as much work as any of the young ones now. I have been without help a great deal of the time this summer and did all my work, milking, churning, ironing, cooking, etc. I have a splendid girl now and am having an easier time. Ruth is out in the country now visiting her aunt Tilda Maguire.

Mrs. Alf Williams' health is very good now. She was in very bad health some time ago. For several weeks, we did not expect her to live. She is getting fat now. Addie was down from Rogers a few days ago. Roy's wife has a little girl nearly two weeks old.

I believe I wrote to you that Willie Crawford and Lena had gone to Montana to live with Uncle Jake. Willie married there, and her man died not long ago. Lena and her last man had parted before she went to Montana, and I heard they were going to live together again. Aunt Liz and Uncle Marion are at Lawton, Okla., or were the last I heard from them. Annie is there and they are living with her. She is a widow, has two children. Lizzie Roberts was here on Decoration Day.

Ruth will be in from the country this evening. She is going to spend the day at Uncle Bill Strain's today. Mule (?), Sallie, Kate and Maud are all at home yet. Uncle Bill and Aunt Nine are well.

(The above letter was postmarked in Fayetteville, Ark. at 7:00 a.m., June 24, 1909, and the back is stamped as having been received in Allen, Texas at 7:00 p.m., June 24—the same day!)

April 25, 1910

I am sending Griff's letter which came lately, also one he got from Cousin George Van Hoose, so you can hear from several at the same time. I also had a late letter from Bob. He is at Atlanta, Tex. You may know where that is and you may have heard from him. Jane is with him and they are with Minnie and her husband.

We are having *awful* weather. It has been real cold for several days. It snowed off and on most of the day yesterday and was still snowing this morning, 'though it does not lie on the ground. It has turned to rain now but it is such a cold rain. We had a light frost nearly a week ago...it did some damage to gardens in the low lands. We are hoping but very much fear the fruit crop will be injured. And there is such a splendid prospect now; it would be a terrible slam on the country.

We had letters from Walter and his wife yesterday. Also one from Miss Julia Vaulx today. She left here over a week ago. She is going abroad and stopped in Philadelphia for a few days.

I don't get to see Lizzie Roberts very often. Maud Strain is not well yet. She will have to have some more skin grafts put on yet. She fainted and fell in the fire last Oct. She was alone and had to pull herself out of the fire when she came to herself. She has suffered a great deal, and it will be some time before she is entirely well.

Bob Garrison and wife left here about three weeks ago for Spokane, Washington. They were going right to Lou's house and are going to live in the house with her.

Tuesday

Well, I waited till today to finish so I could tell you more about the weather. It cleared off last night and we had a pretty big frost this morning. It has done a great deal of damage...we have not learned yet just the extent of the damage to crops, fruit, etc. though we feel it is considerable. Our ther-

mometer registered 28 this morning, 4 deg. below the freezing point. Strawberries were getting ripe and shipping would begin soon if they are not knocked out.

September 10, 1910

We have just heard of the death of poor George *(Mollie's husband George Washington Maguire, b. December 30, 1846, d. September 3, 1910)*. Dr. Wood telephoned me a while ago that he had just got a letter from Gee, telling of the death of his father. It is very sad indeed, and I truly sympathize with you all.

I told Mrs. Josie Williams about it, and she had gone down to Nannie's. Nannie was very much shocked and distressed.

It seems that we never did hear of so many of our friends and relatives dying as we have heard lately. Just before we got the news about George's death this morning, John Seal telephoned that he had just heard of the death of Sarah Ellen Cravens. She died last Sunday, Sept. 4 at Canyon City, Tex. Just a few days ago we got the news of the death of Cousin George Van Hoose in Montana. Uncle Jake wrote to Cora Van Hoose, telling her about it. He had pneumonia and lived only 7 days after he was taken. Lucinda is out at Bill Roberts' staying with Lizzie. The news of George's death was a great shock to her. She was completely prostrated and in bed for some time. Dr. Wood had to go out to see her yesterday. I got a letter the last of June from Florence Van Hoose *(Billieu)* telling of the death of her mother, Aunt Adeline. She was taken sick with flux and lived 5 days after she was taken.

Jim Evans was here a few days ago and he told me that Jim Mayes was dead. He died over two weeks ago. I don't know where he was living—somewhere in Tex. I think.

Cora is living right by us in the cottage that Mr. Alf Williams built. Our family is quite small, only three of us at home now.

April 2nd, 1911

I have been at home 2 months. Came home the last day of Jan. Was gone six weeks. I was at Altoona with Ben and Ethel and the children for Christmas, then went on to Philadelphia and stayed with Walter till Albert's wedding which was the 4th of Jan.

It was certainly a grand wedding. It was a home wedding and several hundred people were there, and they gave them all something to eat. I never saw so many wedding presents. I think Albert has a real nice girl for a wife. He seems to be very happy. They went away as soon as they were married, and were gone about 8 days. I stayed with Walter and Bessie till they came back, then I stayed with them several days. They went right to housekeeping. They have a beautiful home at Overlook, Philadelphia. Walter also has a nice home. Ben and Ethel have four nice children, 3 boys and a girl. I stopped at Griff's as I went and as I came back. Griff and Anna had been (on) a trip to Montana and came back a short time before I was there. Roy came home after they got back. They were with Jimmie Van Hoose, Johnie and Jake. They did not get to see Uncle Jake as he lived some distance from

them. Aunt Liz, Uncle Marion and the girls are all in Montana.

(The next letter was sent to Mrs. Maguire at Frisco, Texas in care of LaRue Maguire, and the handwriting is more spidery and frail-looking.)

October 16, 1911

I have not been to Europe but I have been on a long trip. I went to the Atlantic Ocean, but did not go across it, though I was out in it some. I was gone from home six weeks. Ben was aiming to take all the family somewhere on a vacation and wanted me to go with them as he thought I needed a rest. We went down to Cape May, N.J. and they rented a cottage right on the beach for a month. It was a grand place and we had a good time bathing in the ocean, fishing, and gathering shells. I came back to Philadelphia. I left Albert and Walter and their wives well. I stopped at Pacific and stayed two nights with Griff. I found them all well at home, but Cora. Sallie Strain was in a day or two ago and she said Bob was at their house when she left. Parson and Jennie are all well. They are looking for Elbert home this fall.

Dr. Wood has gone out to Elkins this evening to see Len (?) Boon's wife Ellen. Alf Williams and Jose are well, also their children.

I have not heard from Lou for quite a while. I don't think she has ever heard from Ottie. He is certainly dead. Uncle Jake does not write to me, but he writes to Cora Van Hoose regular. Cora Van Hoose is going to commercial college yet. Uncle Jake is sending her.

August 29, 1913

I was out in the country last Sunday at the funeral of Lester Wood. He was killed in Montana, and his remains were brought back here and buried in the Strain graveyard. Poor Uncle Henry and Aunt Nan. It was almost more than they could bear. He was breaking (sic) on a train in Montana. It was a very foggy morning and Lester was turning a switch and did not see the engine coming. It struck him in the head and crushed his skull. He lived only a few hours. He was their only boy.

January 7, 1915

The birthday card you sent me got here on my birthday *(Annette was 74 on January 6 that year)*. You wanted me (to) tell you all about our Christmas. We had expected all the boys and grandchildren home for Christmas but got word sometime before that they would not be here until in the spring or summer. Little Rebecca, Cora's youngest little girl, got sick with catarrhal fever several days before Christmas and on Christmas day she developed pneumonia and was real sick. In a few days the other lung became involved, so she had double pneumonia. She was very, very sick. In a few days Annette came down with the same trouble and was real sick. They are both all right now. Dr. Wood had them brought into our house as he thought we could look after them better here. We had two trained nurses here while they were so sick.

I have not seen Bob and Jane for some time. The weather has been real bad most of the time, and the roads are very bad. Pike *(Bob's boy)* was here

not long ago and made arrangements to move back here.

This is Harvey's birthday. *(January 8).*

October 24, 1917 *(addressed to Mrs. Maguire at Sanger, Texas)*

I broke my reading glasses and sent them away to get fixed. I had to get Dr. Wood to read your card to me.

After Cora had the operation here and as soon as she was able to travel, she went back to Canada and I went with her to help look after the children. Dr. Wood came up and we went to see the boys. We stayed a week with Walter. We then went to Ben's and stayed a week in Maplewood, N.J. Then we came to Phila. and stayed a week with Albert. I am so lonesome since I came home I can hardly stand it. Not a child on the place.

Ruth lives 12 miles east of us, near Goshen. She brought all the children, 4 little boys, in to see us and drove all the way by herself in a narrow buggy. I don't see how she does such things.

January 9, 1920 *(addressed to Oklahoma City)*

Dr. Wood and I are both well. We have celebrated our birthdays lately, mine on the 6th and Harvey's on the 8th. We were invited down to Loddy Stone's for dinner and to spend the afternoon, but the weather was so bad I could not go. The taxies were not running on account of such an awful slick time. Dr. Wood went and had an awful good time. Loddy Stone lives down at the old Steven K. Stone's place.

Mrs. Alf Williams is not very well. She has had one or two operations and needs another. Louise is here now. She lives in Rochelle, Ill. Josephine is away out in Montana.

Margaret Morgan is staying with me now. You remember her, she was Margaret Rieff before she married Bob Morgan. I had a letter from Aunt Liz Marion not long ago. She said she was 82 years old and taking care of a 7 room house and doing all the cooking.

(The above letter was accompanied by one written by Margaret Morgan, mentioned in the preceding letter.)

Dear Friend Mollie:

As Mrs. Wood is writing to you I thought I would write a few lines and tell you how we would appreciate a visit from you. It has been a long time since I have seen you. The last time was at Lou Piper's when she lived on Middle Fork just below Will King's. Sister Laura and I are all that is left of our large family and her health is not good and she is almost blind. Brother Henry died in 1913, left a wife and three children, the youngest 2 years old. Thomas and Laura live in Crawford County. Their two children are both dead and they are alone and neither one in good health. I guess you are beginning to look old as well as myself. If I live until the 7 of Feb. I will (be) 73.

October 22, 1920 *(addressed in care of LaRue Maguire in Sentinel, OK)*

I have been waiting to get the paper you wanted giving an account of our dear brother Bob's death. *(Robert McReynold Dickerson, b. October 29,*

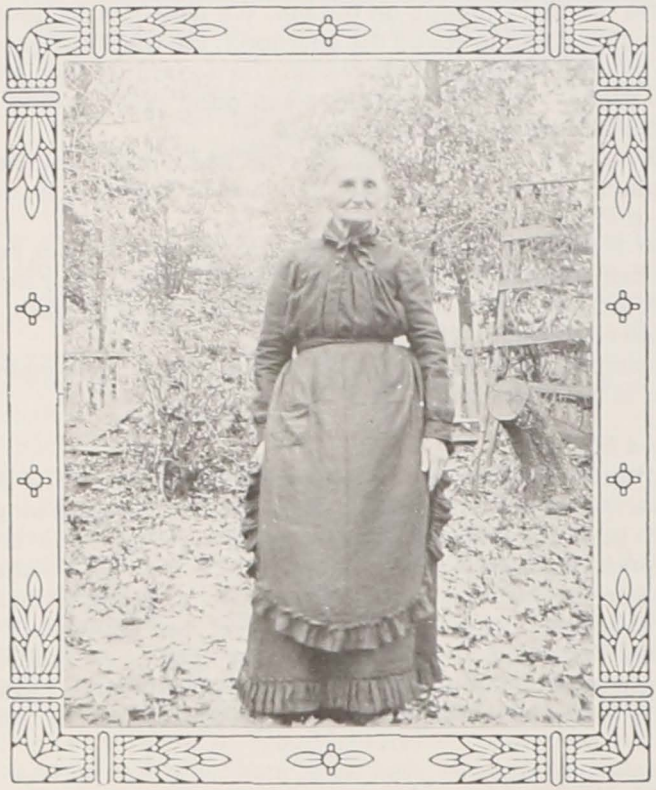
1842, d. October 1920). I am sending it to you today. I am sorry you could not be with him before he died. Just about the last thing he said was, "The angels are here, your mother is here."

We have not heard from Minnie nor any of the boys since they went away. Nellie was in the hospital for an operation. Ruth was in a few days ago and stayed all night. Mrs. Alf Williams is away from home now. She has been in Kansas City nearly two months with Josephine and Louise. Roy lives right by us and Hosea lives just across the street from us.

If Griff succeeds in getting the picnic he has been trying to get up for some time you will surely come. He wants to have it out on Middle Fork, near our old home. I made a trip up to Hazel Valley not long ago and they let me get out as we came back by our old home. The house is all gone now but the old well is there and I got a drink out of it.

Hoping that time will come and with love for you and all your children, as ever, Nette.

(That was the last letter Nette wrote to Mollie. Nette died on December 1, 1920, and Dr. Harvey D. Wood's letter to Mollie about her sister's death was published in FLASHBACK, February 1982.)



Was this Annette Dickerson Wood? Does anyone know?

You know, LOVE, it's those memoirs like you just related which help the editors of FLASHBACK. They do appreciate hearing from you.